



Oh how amiable



*When shall I come and
appear before thee.*

Mary Nicholl

DIVINE

Breathings:

Or, A

Pious Soul

Thirsting after

CHRIST.

The fourth Edition, very
much Corrected.

*Quid enim mihi est in Cæ-
lo, & à te quid volui su-
per terram?*

LONDON,

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TO THE CHRISTIAN READER

WE know that Christ accepted the Widows Mite : This Orphan is to thee, the zealous offering of its Parent, whose intention is, to furnish thee with holy Desires, which are a Christians wings to fly to Heaven, and therefore challenges thy acceptance. We have in Holy Writ the Psalmes of David left us for our Example, wherein we read his longing to be with God, desiring the wings of a Dove, that he might flye away, and be at rest; and assimilating his thirsting after Christ to the Hart, As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my Soul after thee O God !

Lee ! Hear one that hath learnt by David's rules, and fain would have thee learn by his; and doubtless, in imitation of that holy Prophet, purposely penn'd these his pious Ejaculations, to leave them for
A 2 posterity,

To the Christian Reader.

posterity, to be a furtherance in the way to bliss.

And though the Authors name is not prefixt, his Piety these heavenly Breathings speak: which being found by a Person of no mean degree, among the writings of an eminent Divine, have been by him communicated only to his dearest relations, as a celestial Dove to carry the Olive-branch of peace into their Souls. It being my happiness to receive a Copy, my own affections for the good of others instantly inflamed my desires to publish it, & being seconded not only by the approbations, but earnest solicitations of my friends, I have assented, and here present it to thee; hoping thy devotions may be hereby raised, thy holy desires increased, and thy Soul have a relish on Earth of the unspeakable joyes in Heaven; which that thou mayest have the fruition of, is the hearty Prayer of

Thy Cordial Friend
CHRISTOPHER PERIN,



My Woodward
Divine Breathings.

I. MEDITATION.

Meditation and Prayer are like the Spies, that went to search the Land of *Canaan*, the one views, and the other cuts down, and both brings home a taste of the fairest and sweetest fruits of Heaven. Meditation like the eye views our mercies, and Prayer like the hand reach-

B eth

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eth in those mercies ; or, Meditation is like a Factor, which lyeth abroad to gather in what we want; and Prayer like a ship goeth forth, and brings in what we desire. It is my misery, that I cannot be so perfect, as not want; but it is my mercy, that I cannot be so miserable, as not to be supplied. Meditation cannot find out a real want, but Prayer will fetch in an answerable comfort. Lord ! If mercy be so free, I will never be poor, but I will meditate to know it ; never know it, but I will pray to supply it ; and yet not rest until thou shalt do more for

or, for me, than I am able to
ask or think.

II. *Meditat.*

Saint Bernard sweetly
compares Contempla-
tion to the Eagle: For as
be the Eagle is still fastening
her eye upon the radiant
beams of the beautiful
Sun: So Contemplation is,
still viewing the glorious
beams of the Sun of Right-
eousness, it is still con-
stant about the high and
profitable things of Salva-
tion: Or else I may com-
pare it to those Birds, of
whom *David* speaks, who
build their nests by the Al-
tar of God. This is that
celestial Bird, that builds
for her

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her nest about the Throne
of Glory. This is the Bee,
which flyeth into the
sweetest Gardens, and
sucks Honey from every
Flower of Paradise. By
Meditation I can converse
with God, solace my self
in the bosome of my be-
loved, bathe my self in ri-
vers of pleasure, tread the
paths of my rest, and view
the mansions of my eterni-
ty. What makest thou then
O my soul! in this valley of
tears? Up upon the mount
and view the Land of pro-
mise. What makest thou
in this wilderness of
trouble? Up upon the
wing and take thy flight to
Heaven; let thy thought

ne be where thy happiness is,
ee, and let thy heart be
he where thy thoughts are;
nd though thy habitation
ery may be on Earth, yet thy
By conversation shall be in
rse Heaven.

III. Meditat.

WHat art thou? O my
Soul! a spiritual
Essence, an Incorporeal
substance; the very breath
of God, and Epitomy of
Heaven. What satisfies
thee, O my immortal
Soul! none but the im-
mortal God, in whom all
fullness dwells, he onely
can fill the Soul, that
fills Heaven and Earth;
the insufficient creature
B 3 may

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may fill the Soul with vexation, none but the all-sufficient God can fill the Soul with contentation. O Lord, as no action of mine will satisfie thee without my self; so no creature of thine will satisfie me without thy self; therefore O Lord, take thou my heart, and give me thy self.

IV. Meditat.

WHat want'st thou ?
O my Soul! with what imaginable excellency would'st thou cloath thy self? What desirable object would'st thou pitch upon? Is it beauty? The righteous shall shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom

of Heaven , and the wise
as the brightness of the
Firmament for ever and e-
ver. Is it riches ? Wealth
and riches are in the house
of God, every one in his
family shall have a rich, a
glorious, and incorrupti-
ble, and an eternal inhe-
ritance amongst the Saints.
What is it then ? Is it ho-
nour ? What honour like
to this, to be a friend and
a favourite of God, and a
spouse of Christ ; to have
a Crown of righteousness,
of life , and of glory ? Yet
more, a farr more exceed-
ing and eternal weight of
glory set upon thy head.
Yet again, is it pleasure ?
The Just shall enter into

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their Masters joy, and there are rivers of pleasures at his right hand for evermore. In a word, What would'st thou have, Oh my flesh? A confluence of all the glorious things, both in Heaven, and in Earth? Why, Godliness hath the promise of this life, and of that which is to come. If Heaven, and the righteousness thereof, be the thing that thou dost seek; both Heaven and Earth, with the excellencies thereof, is that which thou shalt find. Lord, make me holy, and then I am sure I shall be happy!

V. Med-

V. Meditat.

Wise Agents do al-
wayes propound
their Ends before they set
upon their Work: And
then direct their actions to
that end they did pro-
pound. If the Mariner
launch, it is that he may
get to such a harbour:
Therefore he sayls by Com-
pass that he may compass
that he sayls for. A Christi-
an should have always one
eye upon his end, and the
other eye upon his way.
That man lives a brutish
life, that knows not what
he lives for; and he acts
but a fools part, that aims
at Heaven, and lives at

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randome. A wise Christian his end of living is, that he may live without end; and therefore his way of living is, that he may live continually to spend his life in the ways of life; he is alwayes walking in those paths where he sees Heaven before him. O my Soul! What is it that thou aim'st at? Is it a full enjoyment of thy God? Why, then whil'st thou art present in this body be always drawing near to the Lord; so when thou shalt be absent from this body, then thou shalt be always present with the Lord.

VI. *Medi-*

VI. Meditat.

HOW apt many are at the sight of a rich Worldling to envy him for what he hath: But for my part, I rather pity him for what he wants; he hath a Talent, but it wants improvement; he hath a Lamp, but it wants Oyl; he hath a Soul, but it wants grace; he hath the star, but he wants the Sun; he hath the Creature, but he wants the Creator. In his life he doth but float upon a Torrent of vanity which empties it self into an Ocean of vexation; and after death, then take this unprofitable servant, bind him

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him hand and foot, and cast him into utter darkness; goe set his Soul adrift for ever in an impetuous Lake of fire and brimstone. Where now is the object of your envy? It is not his silver that now will anchor him, nor his gold that shall land him, nor his friends that can comfort him; therefore if he be worth the envying, who is worth the pitying? If this be felicity, then give me misery. Lord! rather make me poor with a good heart, than rich with a bad conscience.

VII. Med.

VII. *Meditat.*

I Am frail, and the World is fading; but my Soul is immortal, and God is eternal. If I pitch upon the creature, either they may take wings like an Eagle that flyeth towards Heaven, or my Soul may take its way with the rich fool, and go to Hell; but if I choose God for my portion, then mercy and goodness shall follow me whil'st I live, and glory and eternity shall crown me when I dye. I will therefore now leave that which I shall soon lose, that so I may embrace that which I shall always enjoy.

VIII. *Medi-*

VIII. *Meditat.*

I See the wicked have their Heaven here, and their Hell hereafter; and on the contrary, good men have their Hell here, and their Heaven hereafter. *Dives* had his good things in this life, and *Lazarus* evil; now *Lazarus* is comforted, and *Dives* is tormented, I will not therefore envy the prosperity of the wicked, nor be offended at the affliction of the righteous, seeing the one is drawn in pomp to Hell, whilst the other swims in tears to Heaven.

IX. *Medit.*

IX. Meditat.

AS there is a sad mirth,
so there is a joyful
mourning; look upon the
voluptuous man, however
laughter may appear in
his face, yet sadness ever
centers in his heart; his
carnal delights are not on-
ly vain, but vexing; like
Musick they play him into
a melancholly fit: whil'st
the Banquet lasts, the Sen-
sualist sings; but when the
reckoning comes, his spi-
rit sinks, his burning can-
dle presently goes out in a
stinking snuffe, his shining
Sun instantly sets in a wa-
tery cloud. *Solomon* gives
us the summe of it thus:

Even

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Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness. But now come to the penitential person as his tears, are the joy of Angels, so they are the joy of his heart, and the solace of his soul; the saller his tears, the sweeter his comforts; the deeper his sighs, the fuller his joy; the beams of consolation alwayes shine into this house of mourning, so that his soul is in travel with a *Barnabas*, and his labours bring forth the fruits of peace; insomuch, that I may truly say, to mourn for sin, is to weep for joy. These pure and pleasant streams of consolation

art of But en- are ey rt, ul; he he er n- n- g, el is ne h, to ep ad o- n
lation (which is the world-
lings wonder) that flow
and run in those Crystal
rivers of eternal pleasure,
at Gods right hand, they
come from a weeping
spring. Why then is the
mouth of wickedness o-
pened against the way of
holiness ? As if grace were
the Calvary to intomb
joy, and impiety the very
womb to bring forth feli-
city ; but if experience
may be heard , my soul
hath felt both, and I find
such damps of spirit in
worldly pleasures, and such
refreshing of soul in the
depth of godly sorrow,
that I shall esteem one
drop of such spiritual joy,
better

better than an Ocean of
their carnal mirth.

X. Meditat.

WHere thine happi-
ness lyeth, there
thy portion lyeth: If thou
place thy felicity in a poor
empty creature: If with
Judas thy spirit run so low,
that thou canst be content
only to keep the Bagg, or
with *Reuben* for some
worldly convenience to
quarter on this side *Jor-
dan*; Why then, unwor-
thy Soul, take that which
is thine own, and goe thy
way: If thou wilt be put
off with a breath of ho-
nour, a blaze of pleasure,
a snare of riches, or a par-
cel

cel of vanity ; Why then
goe take thy fill, look for
no more from God. Thou
seest thy all, when thou
goest from hence, then
farewell all, in the mean
while remember this, that
when the breath shall be
expired, the blaze extinct,
and the soul for ever en-
snared, then thy eternity
shall be spent in bewailing
thy folly. But now, O
precious Soul ! If thou
place thy felicity in the
highest excellency, thy
portion lyes in the chiefeſt
good : If it be thine hap-
pines always to behold
the beauty of Gods face,
it shall be thy portion for
ever to behold the beauty
of

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of Gods presence. Lord; let the Worldling then be sent away with some poor worldly trifles; but for my part, since thou hast made me capable of such heavenly excellencies, I desire never to be put off with transitory vanities, my happiness lyes only in thy self: Therefore whatever I enjoy beside thy self, I will take it as a blessing, but not as a portion.

XI. *Meditat.*

UNsatiabie desires in temporals, make a poor man in spirituals; a right Christian is only rich in outward things, when he is contented with what he

he hath. That man hath nothing of heavenly things, that thirsteth not after more. Worldly desires they alwayes leave us empty, either we get not what we covet, or else we are not satisfied with what we get; but he that thirsteth after heavenly things, is alwayes filled, and the more he receives, the more he desires. The richest and choicest mercies that God can give, sincere Desires will fetch them in. What a glorious improvement might we make of this affection, if we did but divert the fireames, and turn them Heaven-ward? How many excellent mercies

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cies lye a ground, and only want this tyde to bring them in? Why then let I my desires run out in wast, I do but make my self poor, in thirsting after more of the World, and more of the Creature; whereas I might be rich, if I would but count more of Grace, and of Christ.

XII. *Meditat.*

USually when a worldling is dead, we ask, how rich he dyed? Oh, (say many) he dyed rich, he hath left a great estate: Alas! the poor man hath slept his sleep, lost his dream, and now he awakes, he finds nothing in
his

his hand, where lyes his golden heap? Only the rust of that heap is gone to witness against him; his Mammon fails him, only the unrighteousness of it follows him; others have the use of it, onely the abuse of it, he carries to judgement with him; he hath made his friends, (as we say) but he hath undone himself, so that I may justly write this Motto upon every bagg, [*This is the price of blood.*] Shall I then treasure up the price of blood? No, Christ hath entrusted me as a Steward, therefore what I have, and need not, Christ shall have in his members

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members that need, and have not. So the transitory creatures, when they shall slide away, shall not carry me with them; but when I shall pass away I shall carry them with me.

XII. *Meditat.*

GOOD Lord! what a miserable creature is a wicked man? His very Manna turns to worms, his very mercies make him miserable; look upon him in his larger estate, and you shall find, either he hath not the benefit of enjoying it, (only the danger of keeping it, and this adds not to his comfort) or else if he doth enjoy it, he doth as

so miserably abuse it, that,
as one saith well, he makes
that which for use is but
temporal, for punishment
to be eternal. Alas! the
pleasures of it are quickly
gone, but the pain of it
lyes in his bones for ever.
Lord therefore help me to
improve thy mercies, or
else thy mercies will but
improve my miseries!

XIV. Meditat.

Would'st thou know
whether thy name be
written in the Book of
Life? why then read what
thou hast written in the
Book of Conscience. Thou
needest not ask, who shall
ascend up into Heaven, for
C to

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to search the Records of
Eternity ; thou mayest but
descend down into thine
own heart, and there read
what thou art, and what
thou shalt be. Though
Gods Book of Election
and Reprobation be closed
and kept above with God;
yet thy Book of Consci-
ence, that is open, and kept
below in thy very bosome ;
and what thou writest
here, thou shalt be sure to
read there : If I write no-
thing in this Book, but the
black lines of sin ; I shall
find nothing in Gods Book
but the red lines of damna-
tion : But if I write Gods
Word in the Book of Con-
science , I may be sure
God

God hath written my
Name in the Book of Life.
At the great Day of Judge-
ment, when all Books shall
be opened, there I shall ei-
ther read the sweetest or
the sharpest lines; I will
therefore so write here,
that I may not be ashamed
to read hereafter.

XV. Meditat.

BE not curious to
search into the se-
crets of God, pick not the
Lock where he hath allow-
ed no Key. He that will
be sifting every Cloud,
may be smitten with a
Thunder-bolt; and he that
will be too familiar with
Gods secrets, may be o-

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ver-whelmed in his judgments : *Adam* would curiously increase his knowledge, wherefore *Adam* shamefully lost his goodness ; the *Bethshemites* would needs pry into the Ark of God, therefore the hand of God slew above fifty thousand of them ; Therefore hover not about this flame, lest we scorch our wings : for my part, seeing God hath made me his Steward, and not his Secretary, I will carefully improve my self by what we have revealed, and not curiously enquire into or after what he hath reserved.

XVI. *Meditat.*

XVI. Meditat.

NOthing is so sure as death, and nothing so uncertain as the time: I may be too old to live, I can never be too young to dye; I will therefore live every hour, as if I were to dye the next.

XVII. Meditat.

AS the Tree falleth, so it lyeth; and where death strikes down, there God layes out either for mercy or misery. So that I may compare it to the Red Sea, If I goe in an *Israelite*, my landing shall be in glory, and my rejoycing in triumph, to see all

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mine enemies dead upon
the Sea-shore; but If I goe
in an *Aegyptian*, if I be on
this side the Cloud, on this
side the Covenant, and yet
go in hardned among the
Troops of *Pharaoh*, Ju-
stice shall return in its full
strength, and an inunda-
tion of Judgement shall o-
ver-flow my soul for ever.
Orelse I may compare it to
the sleep of the ten Vir-
gins, of whom it is said,
they slumbred and slept,
we shall all fall into this
sleep; now if I lye down
with the wise, I shall goe
in with the Bridegroom;
but if I sleep with the
foolish, without oyl in my
lamp, without grace in my
soul,

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soul, I have closed the gates of mercy upon my soul for ever. I see then this life is the time wherein I must go forth to meet the Lord, this is the hour wherein I must do my work, and that the day wherein I must be judged according to my works. I know not how soon I may fall into this sleep; Therefore, Lord, grant that I live every day in thy sight, as I desire to appear the last day in thy presence.

XVIII. Meditat.

What is said of the Mariner, in respect to his Ship, that he
C 4 alwayes

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alwayes sayles within four inches of death, that may be said of the soul in relation to the body, that it is alwayes in four inches of Eternity ; if the Ship splits, then the Saylor sinks ; if our earthen vessels break, the soul is gone , plunged for ever into the bottomless Sea, and bankless Ocean of Eternity. This is the soul therefore that I desire to weep over, that shall preposterously launch into the deep, before he knows whether he shall sink or swim.

XIX. *Meditat.*

IT was a sad speech of a dying King, *Nondum capi*

cepi vivere jam cogor vivendi finem facere, I must now dye before I begin to live. It is the sad condition of many a dying man, that their work is to do, when their hour is come; when the enemy is in the gate, their weapons are to look for; when death is at the door, their graces are to look for; when the Bridegroom is come, their oyl is to buy; the pursuer of blood is upon them, and the City of refuge not so much as thought of by them; In a word, the seven years of plenty are wasted, and no provision for the years of famine; time is spent, and nothing

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laid up for eternity. I will therefore now finish every work I have to do, that to dye might be the last work I have to finish.

XX. Meditat.

THis impudent age of ours is grown so eminently uncivil, that it is now a dayes counted one of the greatest shames to be ashamed of sin; but for my part, I had rather be accounted the Worlds fool than Gods enemy.

XXI. Meditat.

WOrldling, thou deridest to see a Christian melting at the Word, trembling at a sin;
I

I tell thee, he is of a noble carriage, he can triumph in death, and in judgement, it is not the King of fears that can appall him, or Hell it self that can affright him; but as a Conquerour over both, he can leave the World with a smile; O Death, where is thy Sting? O Hell, where is thy victory? That is his triumphant valediction and farewell. But thou that gloriest so much, because thou canst silence Conscience, and out-face sin; I tell thee, thou art of a base cowardly spirit, let but a little sickness impair thy health, or the thoughts of death charge upon thy spirit,

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rit, and what quick re-
treatings are there from
thy bold resolutions ?
What heaviness clouds thy
looks ? What terrours
shake thy joynts ? What
sadness sinks thy heart ? So
that a fancy frights thee,
a shadow startles thee,
Nabal-like thy spirits dye,
and sink within thee like
a stone. Therefore jeer on;
for my part, I hold it bet-
ter to fear while God
threatens, than to fall
when God judgeth.

XXII. *Meditat.*

THe nearer the Moon
draweth into con-
junction with the Sun, the
brighter it shines towards
the

the Heavens, and the ob-
scurer it shews towards
the Earth; So the nearer
the Soul draws into Com-
munion with Jesus Christ,
the comelier it is in the eye
of the Spouse, and the
Blackier it appears in the
sight of the World: He
that is a precious Christian
to the Lord, is a precise
Puritan to the World: He
that is glorious to an hea-
venly Saint, is odious to
an earthly Spirit. But it
is a sign thou art an
Ægyptian, when that
cloud which is a light to an
Israelite, is darkness to
thee: It is a sign thou
movest in a terrestrial orb,
when thou seest no lustre
in

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in such celestial lights ; for my part if I shine to God, I care not how I shew to the world.

XXIII. *Meditat.*

IT appears not what we are to the World , and it hardly appears what we shall be to our selves ; for did they know , that we are the jewels of God, the favourites of Heaven, the excellency of the Creation, the beloved of Christ, they would not mock and persecute us as they do : Or if we did but know, that we should be glorified together with Christ, his happiness shall be as our happiness, and that his joy shall

shall be as our joyes, and his glories shall be as our glories, truly we should not be so much dejected as we are: when I consider, that my life is hid with Christ in God, I wonder not to see the World hate me; but when I consider, that when Christ shall appear, I shall be like him, I wonder it doth so much as trouble me.

XXIV. Meditat.

WHY should I fret my self at the prosperity of the wicked? Indeed, when I look upon the spreading Bay, and forget the withering Herb; when I view their Quails, and

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and forget their Curse, my feet had almost slipt ; but since I went into the Sanctuary of God, I find that all the blossomes of their glory must dis-flourish under the blastings of Gods wrath ; and all their external felicity doth but only perfect the judgements of the Lord, and fill up the measure of their misery ; for what's their pleasure, but just like the deceitful salute of *Joab* with *Amassa* ? What's their honour, but like *Absolom's* Mule, it only mounts, and carries them to their Gallows ? What is their riches, but like *Jaels* Present in a Lordly dish, it only makes way.

my way for the fatal nail, for
out their sad account at the
n-day of judgement. This
at their prosperity slayes
eir them: Now who esteems
n-that Ox happy, that hath
ds a goodly pasture to feed
r-himself for the slaughter?
ly Who envies that Malefa-
of ctour, that has a fair day
ne to ride to execution in?
y; And why is it that the
e, workers of iniquity flou-
ul rish? Is it not, that they
r-may be destroyed for e-
; ver? And the larger their
it pasture, the sooner they
s are fitted for the slaugh-
? ter. I therefore, for my
t part, when I see a sin-
a ner prosper in his wick-
s edness, will turn the
y flame

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flame of envy into a tear of
pity.

XXV. *Meditat.*

THis is Heaven, to be
for ever with the
Lord; and this is Hell, for
ever to be without the
Lord. You that can see
no beauty in Christ, nor
glory in Heaven, do you
likewise see no flames in
Hell, no Hell in loss of
God? You therefore that
cannot be taken with his
presence, Oh tremble at
his absence; and you that
care not to be with, Oh
fear to be without him;
for this is Hell on Earth,
Depart from us; and this is
Hell when we leave the
Earth,

of Earth, *Depart from me.*
Lord, thou art my Heaven,
and my happiness,
unite me to thee, that I
may be for ever with thee.

XXVI. Meditat.

THat good which is in
riches, lyeth alto-
gether in their use, like
the Womans box of Oynt-
ment, if it be not broken
and poured out for the
sweet refreshment of Je-
sus Christ in his distressed
members, they lose their
worth. Therefore the co-
vetous man may truly
write upon his rusting
heaps, These are good for
nothing. *Chrysostome* tells
us, That he is not rich,
that

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that layes up much, but
that layes out much; for
its all one, not to have, and
not to use: I will there-
fore be the richer by a cha-
ritable laying out, while
the Worldling hall be the
poorer by his covetous
hoarding up.

XXVII. *Meditat.*

WHO will part with
his God? I will part
with my life, rather than
with my God; no mar-
vel then the covetous
man so hugs his Gold, if
is his God; if you take
that from him, he may cry
with *Micah*, when he lost
his Gods, *What have I
more?* His Heaven is gone,
his

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his Happiness is gone, his
All is gone, if God be
gone; I will not therefore
wonder so much at the
closeness of his hand, as at
the vainness of his heart:
We count it singular wis-
dome to keep that God we
choose, but that is abso-
lute folly to chuse that
God we cannot keep.

XXVIII. Meditat.

OH my Soul! Thou
art spiritual in thine
essence, immensible in thy
desires, and immortal in
thy nature, so that there
must be proportion and
perfection of what thou
enjoyest, with a perennity
of both; or else no full
content,

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content, no real satisfaction: Now, were the universal World turned into a pleasant *Eden*, and that *Eden* refreshed with the living springs of immortality, and thou seated in the Throne of its choicest excellencies, crowned with the Diadem of its highest felicities, swaying the Scepter of thy glory over all sublunary creatures; nay, couldst thou give reins to the Sun, or guidance to the moving flames; did thy Territories board upon the highest Heavens, and the revenues of thy Crown flow in from the farthest parts of the Earth, yet what proportion doth a
ma-

ti- material World bear to an
ni- immortal Soul? Will a Li-
o a on feed upon grasse? Or
nat can the Soul be satisfied
the with dust? Thou mayest
or- as soon feed thy body with
in grasse, as thy soul with the
cest creature; if it did bear
ith proportion, yet it wants
neft perfection: Could the De-
ep- vil turn a Chymist, and ex-
all tract the very vitall spirits
ay, and quintessence of the
s to purest and desirablest ex-
e to cellencies under Heaven,
thy yet it is of such an imper-
pon fect nature, that there is
and more lees than liquor,
own more thorns than flowers,
hest more smoak than fire,
yet more sting then honey; so
th a that that soul shall be filled
ma- with

48 *Divine Breathings.*

with a whirlwind of vexation, that thinks to be satisfied with an object of imperfection: For it is impossible, that such a scanty excellency, should any wayes fill such an enlarged capacity. Yet again, were there perfection, yet there is not perpetuity, it will fly away like a Bird from the perch, or melt away like Ice before the Sun, and so leave the immortal soul to sink forever; so that the creature, will not onely make thee restless, but leave thee miserable: I see then, that I shall never rest, till I rest in God; he that is the Father of Spirits, the Fountain

Divine Breathings. 49

tain of Bliss, the Ancient of Dayes, he only is the adequate object for thine immortal soul, the rest of the creatures is in its end, the end of the soul is its God. Therefore, Lord, seeing thou hast made me for thy self, fill me fully with thy self, or take me wholly to thy self.

XXIX. Meditat.

DOth Sathan tempt thee, either by pleasures, dignities, or profits? O my soul! Stand upon thy guard, gird on thy strength with such thoughts as these, What can the World profit me, if the cares choak me?

D

How

50 *Divine Breathings.*

How can Pleasures comfort me, if the sting pay for me? Or what advancement is this, to be triumphing in honour before the face of men here, and to be trembling for shame before the throne of God hereafter? What are the delights of the World, the peace of my Conscience, or the joy that is in the Holy Ghost? What are the applauses of men to the Crown prepared by God? Or what is the gain of the World, to the loss of my Soul? The vanity of the creature is far beneath the excellency of my soul. Therefore Sathan, you are my enemy. I must keep at an everlasting

oming distance, for you bid
boy me loss.

XXX. *Meditat.*

A Black cloud makes
the Traveller mend
his pace, and mind his
home; whereas a fair day,
and a pleasant way, waits
his time, and that stealeth
away his affections in the
prospect of the Country:
However others may
think of it, yet I take it as
a mercy, that now and then
some clouds do interpose
my Sun, and many times
some troubles do eclipse
my comforts; for I per-
ceive, if I should find too
much friendship in my
Sun, in my pilgrimage, I

52 *Divine Breathings.*

should soon forget my Fathers house, and my heritage.

XXXI. *Meditat.*

There is a generation of men, that will praise and adore the Saints in Heaven, and yet mock and afflict the Saints on Earth ; so that were all those Saints alive again whom they so much honour in their day, I dare affirm, they would persecute them in their person like the *Jews*, they can gather nigh the Sepulchre of the Righteous, and yet place the *Jew* with the Person of the Righteous. Dissenting World, thy tongue

em

embalms a dead Saint,
whilst thy hand strikes a
wound into the living
Saint; and thou canst praise
God for those that are de-
parted in the faith, and yet
persecute God in those that
will not depart from the
faith. O foolish World!
must thou needs condemn
thy self, for thy praise hath
left thy practise without
excuse.

XXXII. *Meditat.*

A *Alexander* being asked
where he would lay
his Treasure? Answered
very well, *Apud Amicos*,
Among his friends; being
confident, that there it
would be kept with safety,

and return'd with use.
What needest thou enlarge
thy Barnes? Knowest not
thou where to lay thy plen-
ty? Make the friends of
Christ thy treasury, let the
hands of the widdow, the
bowels of the poor be thy
store-house; here it is sure,
no thief can steal it, no
time can rust it, no change
can lose it, and hear 'tis
improved. A temporal
gift is here turned into an
eternal reward; no ground
so fruitful as the bosome of
the poor, that brings forth
an hundred fold.

XXXIII. *Meditat.*

O My Soul ! What makest thou groveling on the Earth ? Every thing here below is too base for thine excellency, too short for thine eternity; thou art capable of a God, and must have a being, when these poor things are reduced to nothing; the creature is too base a metal to make thee a crow of glory, too rotten a bottom to carry thee through eternity. Oh fill thy self with God, so shalt thou raise thy dignity to perpetuity.

D 4 XXXIV. *Med-*

XXXIV. *Meditat.*

WHere any thing presents its self, think if Christ were now alive, would he do it? Or if I were now to dye, would I do it? I must walk as he hath walked, and I must live as I intend to dye; if it be not Christs will, it is my sin, and if I dye in that sin, it will be my ruine: I will therefore in every action so carry my self, as if Christ were on the one hand, and Death on the other.

XXXV. *Meditat.*

Our life is but a moment of time, and yet
in

in this moment of time we
 sow the seeds of eternity,
 in this transitory hour I am
 framing to my self either
 a good or a bad eterni-
 ty. These words that now
 I speak, these works that
 I now act, though they
 here seem to rot, yet they
 shall spring up to eternity:
 Therefore, as the Poet an-
 swered one, upbraiding
 him for being three dayes
 about three Verses, where-
 as he could make an hun-
 dred in one day; Oh, saith
 he, *At tui ad triduum modo,*
mei in omne æternum dura-
turi sunt: Thine are but for
 three dayes, as it were,
 but mine must continue for
 ever; according to my car-

58 *Divine Breathings.*

riage now, my Name must
 either rise or fall for ever :
 So may we answer this
 foolish World, upbraiding
 us of too much strictness
 and preciseness ; Oh ! had
 not we need to be exact
 indeed , when the works
 we are about, are not to
 be written in sand, but in
 the records of eternity ; the
 lines that now we draw,
 must run parallel with e-
 ternity ; and according as
 we carry our selves in this
 moment of time, our souls
 must live or dye for ever.
 O Lord ! help me so to im-
 prove the brevity of my
 life, by the integrity of my
 actions, that I may turn
 this moment of misery
 into

into an eternity of bliss.

XXXVI. *Meditat.*

THe Soul of man (saith the Philosopher) is the horizon of time and eternity; now if the Son of Righteousness be not risen in our horizon, we must expect nothing but a clouded time, and a stormy eternity, gross darkness here, and utter darkness hereafter for ever: But as for those blessed Saints, into whose souls the oriental splendour of the Sun of Righteousness is shed abroad, how do they live in his sight? What celestial excellencies! What reviving com-

comforts ! What advancing principles are darted forth from the face of beauty into their spirits ! And as for the triumphant Saints, in whose horizon Jesus Christ is in the eternal meridian of his glory, Oh what full beams of bliss and consolation, without the least shadow of bitterness and discontent, warms and delights their blessed souls to all eternity ! Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance in my horizon, so shall time be the morning, and eternity the noon of glory in my soul.

XXXVII. *Meditat.*

THe World hath many servants, because it gives present wages; where Christ hath but a few Disciples, because their reward is in another life: Most live by sight, and therefore must have to satisfy sense; they had rather, with *Ishmael*, be sent away with a small gift, than with *Isaac* to wait for the inheritance; they had rather take their portion in this life, than to wait for an inheritance reserved in the Heavens: Their unworthy spirits cry with *Esau*, What profit will this birth-right do us?

W e

62 *Divine Breathings.*

We must have pleasure,
and we must have riches;
and therefore with *Lysimachus*, they will sell their
Kingdomes, and them-
selves, for a draught of
water. There are but few
such elevated spirits as the
Disciples had, that can
leave a possession, to live
upon a promise; there are
but few have such heroick
spirits as *Moses* had, that
can despise the treasures
of this present World, out
of respect unto the recom-
pence of a future reward;
but there are many of such
fordid spirits as *Dives* had,
that would enjoy their
good things here; but for
my part, Lord ! give not
me

me my portion in this life,
I had rather live by faith.

XXXVIII. *Meditat.*

WHat Rebel under
Proclamation of
mercy stands out, when he
knows he shall be fetch'd
in by the hand of Justice?
yet how many refractory
sinners (with those invited
guests in the Gospel) de-
ride the messengers of
Peace, untill they are slain
by the men of War. In-
deed, hadst thou counsel,
wisdom and strength for
the battel ; could thy heart
endure, or thy hands be
strong in the day that God
shall deal with thee, this
were much ; or could the
Gods

64 *Divine Breathings.*

Gods whom thou serveſt
deliver thee out of the
hands of Chriſt, this were
more ; but alas ! thou muſt
one day be brought under
his regal power, elther in
favour or fury, either in
the praiſe of his Glory, or
to the magnifying of his
Juſtice ; if thou hate his
Throne, thou ſhalt be
made his footſtool ; if
thou wilt not have him to
be thy head, thou ſhalt be
trod under his feet ; if he
be not thy Jeſus he will
be thy Judge ; In a word,
if thou wilt not touch the
golden Scepter of his Mer-
cy, thou ſhalt be cruſhed
with the Rod of his Ju-
ſtice ; and remember this,
that

that this life is only the time of displaying the Flag of Mercy, and the burning of the Taper of Peace; if once the white Flag be folded up, and the burning Taper burnt out, then look for nothing but the sad flourishes of the black Flag: As for those mine enemies, that would not that I should reign over them, bring them hither and slay them before me; therefore now sit down, and see thy weakness, and while the King is yet a great way off, send out the Ambassadors of thy prayers and tears, and acquaint thy self now with God, and be at peace:
For

66 *Divine Breathings.*

For my part I had rather
come in a Favourite, than
be brought in a Traytor.

XXXIX. *Meditat.*

Sin and Sorrow are two
inseparable Compani-
ons, thou canst not let in
one, and shut out the o-
ther; If thy moment be
spent in mirth, thy eter-
nity shall be spent in
mourning; if thou wilt
not weep, whil'st thou
mayest have mercy to par-
don thee, thou shalt la-
ment hereafter, and yet
have no eye to pity thee.
A bottle of tears may now
quench the fire of Sin, but
a cloud of tears shall never
quench the flames of Hell;
there-

therefore while the wicked goe on laughing, I desire to goe on mourning. The Valley of *Bochim* will at length set me upon the Hill of *Sion*; but the paths of rejoycing will at length bring into a hell of weeping: for this is a truth, that he that swims in sin, shall sink in sorrow; their laughter shall be turned into heaviness, while my tears shall be wiped away. I will therefore ever weep, that I may not weep, for ever.

XL. Meditat.

THAT way the Tree inclineth while it groweth, that way it pitcheth when

68 *Divine Breathings.*

when it falleth, and there it lyes, whether it be toward the *North* or *South*: As we are in life, for the most part we are in death; so we lye down to eternity, whether it be towards Heaven or Hell. Being once fallen, there is no removing: For as in War, an errour is death; so in Death, an errour is damnation; therefore live as thou intendest to dye, and dye as thou intendest to live. O Lord! Let the bent of my soul be alwayes towards thee, that so I may fall to thee, and ever rest with thee.

XLI. *Med-*

XLI. Meditat.

Jordan that famous River, no doubt runs through many a pleasant meadow, by many a shady grove, and flowery bank, and yet at last is forc'd to empty it self into a dead Sea; and not only so, but those fresh Cry-stall streams, that made those famous brooks lose both name and worth, are turned into the dead Sea themselves: Just so it is with a Wicked man, here he walks through the meadows of Worldly pleasures and rests under the shades of earthly comforts, and sports, and wallows himself

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self amongst the flowers
of worldly delights; but at
last runs himself out into a
dead Lake, and is cast into
Hell among the number of
those that forget God; and
not only so, but his very
Heaven it self, that made
up all his hapiness, is
turn'd into hell, his beauty
is turn'd into horror, his
honour into shame, his lusts
into devils, his pleasure
into bitterness, his scarlet
into flames of fire and
Brimstone, so that that
which was his fresh Stream
here, is his salt Sea there:
Lord! Let me be a pure
Stream, that may ~~end~~ in
Heaven! I care not what
stony veins I run through
here

here on Earth, so I may
but there lose the name of
weakness and corruption,
for glory and perfection,

XLII. Meditat.

WHat's a day to an
age? And what's an
age to eternity? And yet
we know the shortest day
is part of the longest time,
but the longest time
is no part of eternity; for
where time ends, there e-
ternity begins. Why are
we then so foolish, to heap
up goods for mortality, to
lay up riches, which at lon-
gest are but for many
years, perhaps not for
many hours, and yet to
provide nothing for eter-
nity?

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nity? And why are we so careful to humour and uphold a mouldering piece of clay, a frail and mortal body, which cannot stand above an age, perhaps not above a day, and yet neglect our precious souls, that must endure for ever? Do we all aim at a prosperous life? Why then let us labour for a glorious eternity.

XLIII. Meditat.

ALL men would have happiness for their end, but few would have holiness for their way; all men would have the Kingdom of Heaven, and the glory thereof, but few seek

seek the kingdom of Heaven, and the righteousness thereof. As that Noble man being asked, what he thought of the course of precise Puritans (as the World terms them) or of the life of licentious Libertines? Answered, *Cum istis mallem vivere, cum illis mori mallem*: I had rather live with those, and dye with them. So most men had rather live with *Balaam*, but dye with *Israel*. They would willingly have the Libertines ease, but the godly mans end. But this is certain, no soul shall goe to God in death, but onely that which draws near to God

E

in

74 *Divine Breathings.*

in life ; if the Kingdom of God be not first in us, we shall never enter into the Kingdom of God ; no soul shall rest in Heaven hereafter , but those that walk in Heaven here ; no soul shall enter into the gates of felicity , but only that which treads the narrow paths of piety. Lord, make me holy, as well as happy, that I may love as well to glorifie thee, as to be glorified of thee !

XLIV. *Meditat.*

THere be many to-morrow Christians, that set their day with God, at such a day they will repent, and not before,

fore, as if they had the Lordship of Time, and the Monopoly of Grace; whereas Time and Grace are only at Gods disposing. As St. Ambrose saith, *Pœnitenti indulgentiam, s. d. dilaturō diem crastinum non promissit*: God hath promised pardon to the penitent, but he hath not promised to morrow to the negligent. As Saint Augustine saith, *Qui dat pœnitenti veniam, non semper dabit peccanti pœnitentiam*: He that gives pardon to the penitent, doth not alwayes give repentance to the sinner. If I put God off to day, he may put off me to morrow; if I put off

76 *Divine Breathings.*

this hour of grace, I may never have another gracious hour ; to day if I put by his hand of Mercy, to morrow he may stretch out his hand of Justice. It is true whilst I have time, I may come in; but it is also true, when I would come in, I may not have time. This is certain, when I repent, I shall have mercy ; but this is as certain, when I would have mercy, I may not find repentance. O Lord, thou hast given me this hour of grace to repent in ! Give me grace in this hour to repent with.

XLV. *Meditat.*

GOOD Lord! What a shadow is the life of man? What a nothing is it? The time past, that's nothing, just like a Bird fled from the hand of the Owner, out of sight. The time present, that's vanishing, a running hour, nay less, a flying minute, as good as nothing. The time to come, that's uncertain, the evening Sun may see us dead. Lord! Therefore in this hour make me sure of thee, for in the next I am not sure of my self.

XLVI. *Meditat.*

Alexander when he had divided his wealth among his friends, and being ask'd, What he had reserved for himself? Answered, Hope. He is a rare Christian indeed, that can part with all for Christ, and live by faith; but when it comes to this, that we must lose what we have here, out of hope to find it again in Heaven, the running Professor stops, and goes back sorrowful. Crates in his way to Philosophy, threw his goods into the Sea, to save himself, saying, *Ego vos mergam, ne ipse mergar à vobis:*

vobis: I had rather drown you, than that you should drown me : For he thought riches and vertue were incompatible. But how many Christians are there, that in their way to Jesus Christ, throw away themselves, and their souls, to save their gold? Before they will cast their bread upon the waters, they will throw themselves into the Ocean; many that make such specious shews of following of Christ, in this same turning you may know their Matter; but this is a truth, he hath no part at all in Christ, that will not part with all for Christ;

80 *Divine Breathings.*

and he lives but the life of
sence, that cannot make a
living out of a promise.
Therefore, Lord, of what
I have, freely take thou
what thou callest for;
Christ is my portion and
reward, I have enough to
live on.

XLVII. Meditat.

WHen I look into the
Treasures of men,
perhaps I see Chests of
Plate, Baggs of Gold, Ca-
binets of Jewels, but this
is the misery of it, that
when he goes abroad, he
cannot carry them with-
out a burthen, or leave
them without a fear. But
here now is the excellency
of

of a Child of God, that his treasure is alwayes in him, and it is his happineſs to carry it alwayes with him, that as it is transcendent for riches, being the fulneſs of God, ſo it is likewiſe permanent for continuance, becauſe he is filled with that fulneſs; inſomuch, that you may ſooner rend his ſoul from his body, than take his treaſure from his ſoul. This was that which ſweetned the loſs of Country-houſe and friends to *Ovid* in his exile, the thoughts of his *Genius*, the riches of his ingenuous ſpirit was beyond the riches of *Cæſar's* malice; and this is that

82 *Divine Breathings.*

which refresheth the spirit of a Christian in all troubles and afflictions that he meets with in the Land of banishment, he hath the possession of Jesus Christ, whom he can never lose. Oh the excellency of a Child of God! Though you cast him out of all, yet you cannot cast any thing of this all out of him. But as *Bias* that Princely Philosopher said, when he lost his City, and was put to flight, being asked by those that fled with him, with their bagg and baggage, Why he likewise took not something with him? Answered, *Omnia mea mecum porto*, I carry all

all my riches with me ;
 meaning his Wisdom, and
 his vertues : So a Christi-
 an, though you impove-
 rish him, banish him, and
 cast him out of all, yet he is
 able to say still, *Omnia mea
 mecum porto*, I carry all my
 treasure with me ; I have
 my Christ, my fulness :
 And truly Lord, so thou
 wilt possess me with this
 all, I care not though I am
 dispossessed of all.

XLVIII. *Meditat.*

Legal dayes were but
 like winter dayes,
 dark and cloudy, sharp
 and stormy ; and yet how
 many of our Fathers tra-
 velled to Heaven in those
 dayes !

84 *Divine Breathings.*

dayes ! But Gospel-times they are like Summer dayes, sweet and clear, full of light and beauty, so that we may truly say, that God hath not been as a cloud of darkness to us, for these are the dayes of grace, that are full of the beams of mercy ; yet how slowly and sadly do many of us goe to Heaven ? But which is worse, how sadly and slightly do we waste these precious dayes, and neglect these golden opportunities ? Oh, what time shall that soul find to repent in , that shall be hardned in these melting times ! Oh, what dayes shall that soul find to goe to

to Heaven in, that shall
idle away these Gospel-
dayes ! Oh, what grace
shall that man find for sin,
that shall sin away the
dayes of grace ! Oh, to
whom shall that soul ap-
peal, that shall renounce
Jesus Christ ! Oh, woe un-
to that soul for ever :
upon which the shaddows
of death, and of the even-
ing are stretched out, and
yet never set forth for
Heaven ! But wofuller is
that man, to whom the
clearer and sweeter day,
doth only make the black-
er and the sadder Hell. Oh,
what blackness of darkness
is reserved for that soul,
that shall walk in darkness,
in

86 *Divine Breathings.*

in the midst and under
 such clearness of light! We
 are those that are not only
 lifted up to Heaven, but
 Heaven is let down to us.
 Oh, how long shall that
 man lye in Hell, that Hea-
 ven preffeth down! Oh,
 thou Gospel-Christian!
 Thou art now under the
 clear demonstrations of
 Christ, the sweet invitati-
 ons of mercy, the large ma-
 nifestations of love, look to
 it, thou shalt goe either to
 Heaven or to Hell, upon
 the easiest or hardest terms.

XLIX. Meditat.

ME-thinks I hear six
 voices cry aloud:
 The

The first voice is of dying man. The second is the voice of the Damned. The third is the voice of my precious Soul. The fourth is the voice of Jesus Christ. The fifth is the voice of Evil times. The sixth is the voice of the Day of Judgement. First, Methinks I hear dying man breathing out these groans, Oh lose not a moment of time, for thy time is but a moment! Oh now make sure of Heaven, for thou knowest not how soon thou must leave the Earth! And then methinks I hear the damned man roaring forth these lamentations, Oh! Come
and

88 *Divine Breathings.*

and see the end of sin, in
these that know no end of
sorrow ! Oh, come and
learn thy price of time,
from those that must for
ever suffer for the loss of
time ! And then me-thinks
I hear my precious Soul
using these exhortations,
Oh my Body ! What a fool
am I to satisfy thy lusts,
thou art but for a moment
of time, but I must endure
for ever ; when thou art
wrapt up in rottenness,
where shall I spend my e-
ternity ? I might now get
Heaven for my Mansion,
Angels for my Compani-
ons, God for my Possessi-
on, and dost thou think I
will lose my felicity to sa-
tisfie

Divine Breathings. 89

tisfie thy dainty? Is it not better, that I should carry thee to Heaven, than that thou shouldest carry me with thee to Hell? And then me-thinks I hear Jesus Christ using these invitations, Behold! I stand at the door and knock, till my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the dew of the night; here I stand weeping, knocking, begging and waiting, Oh open to me! My tears begg, my tears knock, my blood knocks, my groans knock, Oh open to me! My patience knocks and waits, Oh open to me! Let not sin lodge in thy heart, and Christ wait at the door; let
not

not damnation rule within,
& salvation wait without.
And then me-thinks, Evil
times use their invitations,
Oh now be living Christi-
ans, for these are dying
dayes! Oh now be grow-
ing Christians, for these
are back-sliding times!
Oh now make Jesus Christ
thine own, for here thou
knowest not what is thine
own! And then lastly,
me-thinks I hear the voice
of the Archangel, sum-
moning the dead to come
forth to judgment, Arise
ye holy and blessed Saints,
take your places with God
and his holy Angels, to
judge the World: Arise
ye cursed naked Souls, and
take

take your standing in the sight of God, and of his blessed Saints, to be judged as you lived in the World. Oh Lord, let me hear with fear the first voices, that I may not fear to hear the last voice!

L. Meditat.

IN every choice, we cannot take, except we leave: That Soul that chooseth life and grace, refuseth all things else. This is the heavenly breathing of such a gracious spirit, Lord! Let vain man follow vain fashions, but cloath me with salvation, and cover me with the robes of righteousness;

92 *Divine Breathings.*

ness; let them be all glorious without, but let me be all glorious within; let them crown themselves with rose-buds, but crown me as thou dost thy Church, with the Stars of Heaven, these shall shine, when those shall fade. Let the wicked goe away with the World; let them have all the sweetnesss, beauties, glories and excellencies of the Earth, but let Jesus Christ be my portion, There all things else are nothing at all, where Christ is all in all; therefore be serious, Oh my Soul, for thou hast none of Christ, untill thou canst truly say, None but Christ.

LI. *Medi-*

Ll. Meditat.

THree things (me-
thinks) should make
the heart of a Christian to
tremble. First, To con-
sider the brevity of their
life. Secondly, The dif-
ficulty of their Work,
Thirdly, The eternity of
their end. Our life is but
a withering flower, a fly-
ing cloud, a vanishing
shaddow, a perishing
breath, the body return-
eth to the dust, and the
soul goeth suddenly to its
long home, the night in-
stantly cometh when no
man can work : But now ;
What work is to be done
in this short inch of time ?

Great

94 *Divine Breathings.*

Great enemies to be conquered, Sons of *Anach* to be killed, Principalities and powers to be over-powered, dear lusts to be subdued, right eyes to be plucked out, right hands to be cut off, strict rules to be followed, a narrow way and strait gate to goe through; to sum it up, a long race to be run with a short breath, a great way to be gone by a setting Sun: But then, What are we to expect when this Taper is out, this breath is expired? Even as we have sowed, so to reap; either to be eternally crowned, or eternally damned: Now therefore,

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fore, before the Sun be set,
or the shadow of the even-
ing be stretched out, what-
soever thy hand findeth to
do, do it with all thy
might : for there is no
work, nor device, nor
knowledge, nor wisdom
in the grave whither thou
goest. Oh Lord, help me
so to work for thee, in this
moment of time, that I
may for ever rest with
thee, when time shall be no
more.

LII. Meditat.

YOU have heard of the
bloody Seige of Troy,
and yet it was said of *Hel-
len*, that she was so beauti-
ful, that she deserved ten
years

years War more ; and what was *Hellen*, but a glorious heap of Clay ? You have heard of the hard labours of *Jacob*, yet *Rachel* was so amiable in his eyes, that he thought her worthy of fourteen years service : If these deserved so much, Oh, what doth Jesus Christ deserve ! who is altogether lovely ; before whose shining glory, the beauty of the whole Creation is but an indigested Chaos. Therefore be not discouraged, Oh my Soul, though thine enemies be fierce, thy assaults cruel, thy resistance even unto blood ; thou fightest for a beautiful Christ, that deserves it:
Neither

Neither be dis-heartened,
Oh my Soul? though rules
be strict, duties hard, thy
labours great, thou serveest
for an amiable Christ,
that will sufficiently re-
ward it. Look but upon
the lovely beauties of thy
Christ, think but upon
the glorious day of thine
espousal, and these four-
teen years will be nothing
to thee; Lord, let me al-
wayes have thy beauty in
mine eye, so shall I quick-
ly find no difficulty in my
hand.

LIII. Meditat.

I Have formerly (with
the World) accoun-
ted the spirit of a
F Christian,

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Christian, to be a melancholly spirit ; and the ways of holiness only unpleasant paths , leading to the deserts of sad retiredness : But now I see they have hidden Manna, which the World knows not of ; glorious joyes, which strangers do not meddle with, and the closer and exacter they walk, the fuller and sweeter are their joyes : Formerly the very thoughts of parting with my pleasures and delights to embrace soul-humbling, self-denying duties, were grievous to me ; but now, I bless my God, I can say with *Augustine*,
Quàm suave suavitatibus
istis

Divine Breathings. 99

istis carere! Oh how sweet
is it to want my former
sweetness! It is now my
rejoycing to be without
my former joyes, for now
I see there is a Heaven in
the way to Heaven, and
that one look of Faith, one
smile of Christ, one glance
of Heaven, one grape of
Canaan, one glimpse of my
Crown of Glory, yields
more sweetness, comfort
and content, than all the
pleasures and delights
the World affords; the
very gleaning of spiritual
joy, is better than the
vintage of carnal delights:
Let no man then stand
off for want of pleasures,
for here he shall not lose

100 *Divine Breathings.*
them, only change them.

LIV. *Meditat.*

S*olomon* tryed many
Conclusions, but not
one took but the last, the
fear of God. Oh my Soul,
thou mayest tire thy self
with varieties of Objects,
but none satisfies but this,
the fruition of thy God ;
he only is the plenary and
primary goodness, he on-
ly is the efficient and suffi-
cient fulness : As it was
said of manna, that it was
the delight of every pal-
late : so it may be said of
Jesus Christ, that he is sa-
tisfaction to every soul ;
Taste therefore and see
how sweet the Lord is.
What's

What's the reason we wander after such variety of Creatures? Because we cannot find sufficiency in one; were one herb as virtual, or one flower as delectable, as the Collection, we would never trouble our selves to gather many. Take up then thy rest, Oh my Soul, in the chiefest and choicest good, which comprehends all other goods. Those golden rayes of goodness, which lye scattered in the Creature, are only to be found conjunctively in God: Those pure ingredients, which goe in to make up the highest excellency, largest goodness, fullest perfection,

F 3

fecti^{on}, are onely to be
 found collectively in him.
 Knowest thou any thing is
 profitable, delectable, or
 desirable in the Creature?
 Thou mayest see it in thy
 God, find it in thy Christ.
 Art thou captivated? He
 is thy Redeemer: Art
 thou wounded? he is thy
 good *Samaritan*: Art thou
 broken-hearted? Go un-
 to Christ, and he will bind
 it up: Art thou sick? He
 is thy Physician: Art thou
 persecuted? He is thy re-
 tuge: Art thou hungry or
 thirsty? He is the living
 bread, and the flowing
 stream: Art thou weary?
 He is thy rest: Art thou
 in want or poverty? He
 is

is an inexhaustible treasury : Art thou in disgrace or contempt ? Why, he is thy honour : Art thou dull and heavy ? He is a quickning Spirit : Would'st thou have grace ? He is the fountain ; Would'st thou have Heaven ? He is the way, he shall guide thee by his counsel, and after receive thee into glory. Let that mans name therefore be written in the dust, that leaves the flowing Fountain, to quench his thirst at a broken Cistern. Why should I tire my self, to gather drops of honey from so many dying flowers, when I can satisfie my self with streams of sweet-

ness in the living Christ ?
Therefore Creatures in
this you and I must part :
for Christ out-bids you all.

LV. Meditat.

A Christian may raise
another Paradise
here below, may make
a lower Heaven on Earth :
for this is life eternal, to
know thee, and Jesus
Christ, whom thou hast
sent. To know Christ in
the evidence of his love
revealed to us, and Christ
revealed in us, is the very
entrance of Heaven : for
what is the perfection of
grace, but the fulness of
this knowledge? And what
is the consummation of
glory,

glory, but the blessedness of this fulness? Therefore Lord, be every day adding to my knowledge, that so at my last day I may be perfect.

LVI. Meditat.

Godly Sorrow, like weeping *Mary*, seeks Christ; Saving Faith, like wrestling *Jacob*, finds and holds Christ; Heavenly Love, like the affectionate Spouse, dwells with Christ; here it brings him into the chambers of the Queen, and hereafter Christ brings the loving Soul into the chamber of the King, so that it is an eternal grace alwayes, lodging in the bo-

some of Christ. Lord, thou art the desire of my soul, Oh that I could seek thee, find and love thee, that I may for ever enjoy thee.

LVII. Meditat.

THe stream of sorrow, like waters, ascends no higher than the spring from whence it came. We know that sin gives two bloody stabs, the first is at the soul of man, the second is at the heart of Christ: And if the first stab only grieve me, if I mourn for sin, as it only wounded my soul, it is a sign this stream flows but from a natural heart, because it ascends

ascends but to a natural height; but if I weep for sin, as it hath wounded Christ, as it hath shed that blood that would save me, as it hath pierced that heart that would love me, then no question but the spring is in Heaven, because it riseth to a super-natural ascent. Lord, that my sorrow may be found, pierce my heart for sin: as it strikes through my soul, and pierces Christ!

LVIII. Meditat.

MY life; is sweet but my Christ must be sweeter to me than my life; my soul is precious, but Christ must be dearer
to

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to me than my soul; my salvation is much, but Christ must be more to me than my salvation; Christ must be loved above all: Nay, were there no armes of mercy to receive me, no Heaven of blis to entertain me, no weight of glory to crown me, yet Christ must be loved above, and without all these. As it is a sign of a carnal love, to follow Christ for the loaves; so it is a sign of a base mercenary love, to seek Christ for a reward; that's but an adulterate affection, that affects the present more than the party; loves the Ring more than her Beloved; that choice cannot

cannot be cordial, that aims only at a portion; that love cannot be real, that aims only at a benefit. Lord, thou art amiable in thy self, Oh that I could love thee for thy self.

LIX. Meditat.

I Must not venture on a Duty, unless I bring God to it; nor rest satisfied, unless I carry God from it: Hear *David's* precept, Oh, seek the Lord, and his strength, seek his face for evermore. Be sure thou rise not from duty, before the countenance of God rise in mercy upon thy soul; it must be Christ that must fit thee,

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thee, and it must be Christ that must meet thee, or else it will be no Ordinance of comfort to thee: What is the Chariot if thy Beloved be not in it! Then here *St. Bernard's* practice, Lord! I never come to thee without thee, I never goe from thee, but with thee; Oh, blessed be that soul, that never prays, hears, or receives, but carries Christ to all, enjoys Christ in all, and brings Christ from all. Lord! in all my approaches to thee, let me goe out in thy strength, and return in thy presence.

LX. *Medi-*

LX. *Meditat.*

OH my Soul ! Thou art alwayes striving, yet sin alwayes stirring; thou fearest the truth of grace, because thou findest the working of sin ; but it will be alwayes thus ; thou canst not come out of *Ægypt*, but *Amalek* will lay wait in the way ; the flesh will be sure to trouble thee, although it be never able to conquer thee : He therefore, that sits down and is at rest in sin, it is a sign that Satan is there the strong man, because his Kingdom is in peace : But where there's any work with Christ, there

there will be alwayes warr
with sin ; I know that
while I live, sin will have
its being in my mortal bo-
dy ; the Ivy will still be
twisting about the house,
there's no destroying of it,
untill the wall fall ; Sin
was the womb of Death,
and only Death must be
the tomb of Sin ; God
would have my soul hum-
bled , therefore , though
he hath broke my prison,
yet he hath left the chain
upon my feet ; God would
have my graces exercised,
therefore , though he have
translated me into the
Kingdom of life, yet he
hath left the *Canaanite* in
the Land ; God would
have

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have my faith exercised,
therefore *Goliath* still
shews himself in the field,
that so I might make out
to the Name of the Lord :
I will therefore unbuckle
Saul's Armour, humble
mine own abilities, and
betake me to the strength
of Christ ; so, though I
cannot help the rebelling
power of sin, yet I shall al-
wayes hinder the ruling
power of sin : As it shall
be my grief, because sin
will have its being, so it
shall be my care, that it
may never have its thri-
ving ; though sin may live
in me, yet I will never live
in sin.

LXI. *Meditat.*

I Must not pray simply
against Temptations,
though I may against the
evil of temptation, for a
Christian may be tempted,
and yet not overcome; a
Castle may be assaulted,
and yet not taken; if Sa-
than inject an evil motion,
and I reject it, this is not
mine, but the Devils sin;
this shall be a shining jew-
el in my crown of victory,
& as an aggravating Item
in his day of judgement.
Why art thou so terrified
at the roaring of a Lion,
as if he could not rage, but
he must devour; or as if
grace & temptation would
not

not stand together? As if the same afflictions were not accomplished upon thy Brethren. This is an undoubted truth, that spiritual wickedness is to be found in the heavenliest places; and this is an excellent sign, that Sathan takes thee for one that will tread upon his head, when he is so violent to bruise thy heel; and this a comfortable assurance, that if Jesus Christ be thy Captain to lead thee in, he will be thy Champion to bring thee out; so that temptation shall be as a File to beautifie thy soul; and as a Sword to wound thine Adversary. For my part,

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part, I know Sathan will be alwayes tempting, therefore I will be alwayes watching, and what I cannot hinder, that I will be sure to hate: So shall it be my joy to fall into temptation, and the Devil's misery to fall into his own pit.

LXII. *Meditat.*

II was proudly said by *Cesar*, crossing (unknown) the Sea, being in a little Barque, in a tempestuous storm, when they were ready to be swallowed up by the waves, perceiving the courage of the Pilot to fail, *Confide, scias te Casarem vehere*, Fear not,

not, for thou carriest *Cæ-*
sar. How truly may a
gracious spirit say in the
midst of all dissensions, af-
flictions and tribulations,
Fear nothing, O my soul,
thou carriest Jesus Christ.
What though the win-
dowes of Heaven be open
for a storm, or the foun-
tains of the deep broke up
for a flood, dissensions
from above, afflictions
from below, yet God that
sits in Heaven will not cast
away his Son, Christ that
lives in me will not let me
sink; the swelling waves
I know are but to set me
nearer heaven, and the
swelling deeps are but to
make me awake my Ma-
ster;

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ster ; prize thy Christ, they cannot drown thee, therefore shall not daunt me : For while I sail with Christ, I am sure to land with Christ.

LXIII. *Meditat.*

IF Satan cannot hinder the birth of graces, then he labours to be the death of graces; this is too ordinary, to see a Christian lose his first love, and to fall from his first works; his love that was formerly an ascending flame, always sparkling up to Heaven, is now like a little spark, almost suffocated with the Earth: The godly sorrow, that was once a swelling torrent,

torrent, like *Jordan* overflowing his banks, is now like *Job's* Summer brook, which makes the Traveller ashamed; his proceedings against sin once furious, like the march of *Jehu* against *Abab*, but now like *Sampson* he can sleep in *Dalilabs* lap, whilst she steals away his strength; before he could not give rest to his eyes, till God had given rest to his soul, but now he can lye down with sin in his bosome, and wounds in his Conscience: At first his zeal did eat him up, but now his decayings hath eat up his zeal: How is thy excellency, O Christian! departed from thee?

thee? How is thy crown
fallen from thy head?
What a dangerous breach
hast thou made for the en-
trance in of sin and sor-
row? Temptations find
thee wracked, and leave
thee wounded; thy graces
that were once like the
Worthies of *David*, that
could break through an
host of enemies, and draw
water at the wells of salva-
tion, are now like the
Souldiers that follow *Saul*,
they are with thee trem-
bling; thou hast potent
enemies, but impotent
graces; often assaulted,
but easily conquered; and
as thy glorious Sun is set-
ting, so are dismal Clouds
arising;

arising : Thou , O Chri-
stian ! art decreasing in
thy graces, and God is de-
clining in his favours :
Thou drawest off Com-
munion with the Saints,
and God draws off Com-
munion from thy soul ;
Thou offerest up thy sacri-
fices without the fire of
zeal, and he answers thy
coldness with the fire of
wrath. In a word, thy
spirit hath no delight in
God, and Gods soul hath
no delight in thee. And
as there is bad news from
Heaven, so there is sad
news from Conscience.
What tremblings of heart !
What astonishment of
soul ! What disputes a-
gainst

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gainst mercy ! What questionings of salvation will thy wounded conscience and bleeding spirit raise ! What flashes of lightning ! What claps of thunder will break out upon thy soul, when the hot pangs of death shall be wrapt up in the cold and chill scruples of salvation ! As I will therefore draw out my heart and soul to praise God for grace implanted, so also will I put out my strength to serve God by grace improved ; that as every hour sets me nearer my grave , so every action may set me nearer my heaven.

LXIV. Meditat.

AN Hypocrite is the Devils servant in Gods livery, and therefore out of favour both in Heaven and Earth; for of man seeth his livery, and therefore hateth him; and God sees his heart, and therefore will not own him; Men see his outward sanctity, and therefore also deride him; and God sees his inward hypocrisie, and therefore abhors him: so very that he travels in the Wilderness, and yet shall never rest in Canaan; when he comes to cast up the sum of all his labours, this he shall find to be the sum

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summ of them, in stead of that blessed sentence of approbation, *Well done good and faithfull servant*, he shall have that direful sentence of detestation, *Who hath required this at your hands?* He that so cunningly deceived others, doth at last as foolishly beguile himself. in a word, he is a man that steals his Damnation, and sweats to get to Hell, so that the openly prophane, and cunningly hypocritical, meet both there at last, only with this difference, the way, the one goeth through the Gate, and the other stealeth through the Postern. Lord! Therefore

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fore whiles the Hypocrite
cloaths himself with for-
mality, cloath me with sin-
cerity. It may be men will
hate me, but I care not so
God love me; my duties
may be full of imperfecti-
on, but yet they shall never
want a gracious accep-
tance; my way may be in
trouble, yet my rest shall
be in glory.

LXV. *Meditat.*

AS great serenity of
weather is a presage
of an Earthquake and
Whirlwind; so great se-
curity of life is a great and
fore prediction of the
souls earthquake, of trem-
bling and astonishment of
G 3 spirit;

Spirit; he that takes up
formality, and sits down
in security; he that layes
his foundation in the sand,
and there raises his build-
ing, the fall of that house
will be great; and you may
observe, that Christian
that is only brought out
of open prophaneness, in-
to outward profession;
that hath taken down the
frame of his gross iniquity,
to set up a superficial form
of piety; that hath cover-
ed his face with a surface
of Religion; no soul so
subject to fall into the
sleep of death, as such a
soul; for while he thinks
himself well, he seeks not
to be better; so that he
flumbers

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slumbers away his time,
untill the cry at midnight,
and then he startles, and
awakes, and sees nothing
but the bridge of mercy
drawn up, and the gates
of Heaven shut in. See
with what confidence
these Formalists in the
Gospel come unto Christ,
they come under the rela-
tion of Servants, and
therefore they call upon
him as their Master : *Lord,*
Lord, Have not we prophe-
sied in thy Name, and in thy
Name cast out Devils ? &c.
They made no question of
salvation, but shew their
works, as if they would
command it for their wa-
ges: But hear Christs an-
swer,

G 4

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*swer, Then will I profess
unto them, I never knew you.
What, Lord! Never knew
us? That is strange. Have
not we heard thy Word,
received thy Sacraments,
and relieved thy Mem-
bers, and spake for Thee,
and prayed to Thee, and
done many things in thy
Name; and yet didst thou
never know us? No, sayes
Christ, I never knew you,
but with an utter and ab-
solute rejection: I never
knew you, I never did ap-
prove you in all your spe-
cious wayes, and glorious
shews, wherein you did so
pride your selves; because
all was in formality, and
nothing in sincerity; there-
fore*

fore depart from me. They little thought of such a sad expulsion, such a direful separation. And thus the out-side Christian, because he hath reformed in many things, and doth conform to many duties, therefore with *Agag* he concludes the bitterness of death is past; so he cloaths himself with smooth imaginations, and deceitful apprehensions, till he is hewen asunder before the Lord. I will not therefore in the least duty be formal, or in the least duty be secure; but with the blessed man be always fearing, for I had rather tremble here, than startle in Hell.

G 5 LXVI. *Medi-*

LXVI. *Meditat.*

DOth Sin present it self, look upon it, as it must be with tears, or shall be in torments; if thou committest the least sin, and dyest impenitent, thy soul is lost, and thy redemption ceaseth for ever : Or, if thou committest this sin, and dost repent; yet what cloudings of the face of God? What breakings of the bones with *David*? What bitter pangs? What painfull throws? What shadows of Death? What terrours of Hell may seize upon thee, before thou canst make thy peace, or settle
thyne

thine assurance? Wilt thou give way to sin, because it is delectable? or because it is pardonable? Who loves poyson, because it is sweet? Or, who drinks poyson, because he may have an Antidote, seeing it will work to his trouble, if it work not out his life? I have a precious soul, shall I lose it for a lust? I have a gracious God, shall I venture him for a sin? No, I will alwayes reject that for which I am sure to lose my peace, likely to lose my soul.

LXVII. *Meditat.*

What Heir travelling to take possession

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session of a rich inheritance, either lets a green Meadow, or a pleasant Garden detain him, or a black Cloud, or a foul way dishearten him? O my Soul! Thou art travelling to take possession of a glorious inheritance among the Saints, wilt thou turn aside to crop every flower? Wilt thou stand still to hear every melodious sound? Wilt thou leave thy way to drink of every gliding stream of carnal pleasure? What is this, but to view a Meadow, and lose a mannor? For a dying Flower, to part with an eternal Crown? For a flying vanity, to lose an im-

immortal felicity ? To forsake the way of *Sion* , to gather one of the Apples of *Sodom* ? Or else, O my Soul ! What if thy way be in tears, and thy dayes in sorrow , all clouded, and a swelling Sea, so that not only the lading of the Ship, but thy very life is in danger ; yet here is enough to comfort thee, that a good Father, and a large portion, a sweet rest, and an everlasting refreshment, will make amends for all. Therefore, Vain World, promise not, for I Will make no deviation, because my way lyes to purer comforts, and surer glory ; Vexing World , threaten

threaten not, for I will make no retarding, because I am travelling to my Fathers, to my Country, to my Happiness.

LXVIII. *Meditat.*

AS the heart is, so is the estate; riches are but cyphers, it is the mind that makes the sum. What am I the nearer for a great estate, if I am not contented with it; desires of having will quickly eat up all the comforts and delights in possessing. Therefore that *Alexander* that wants content, is worse than *Diogenes* that is contented with his wants. It argued a rich mind in the

the Philosopher, when walking through a Market and beholding varieties of good commodities, yet could say, *Quàm multis rebus ego non egeo?* How many things do I not want? But a richer mind in the Disciples, that with a sweet complacency of spirit, could acknowledge, that as having nothing, yet possessing all things. I see all would be well, if my heart were well; I will therefore forme my heart to my estate, so shall I have an estate according to my heart.

LXIX. *Meditat.*

When I remember,
saith one, *Job* sitting on the Dunghill, *John* hungering in the Wilderness, *St. Peter* hanging on the Gibbet, then I think how severely will God punish hereafter those Reprobates whom he loaths, if he deals so sharply with his Children whom he loves; if he do so much to his intimate friends in the time of Grace, what will he do to his professed enemies in the day of Judgment? You therefore that deride the miseries of the Saints, Oh turn your jeers into fears, for Hell sparkles

sparkles out on Earth.
On the contrary, Lord!
When I consider *Herod* in
his pomp, *Haman* in his
honour, *Abasuerus* at his
feast, &c. Then I think,
if God drop so much into
a vessel of wrath, what will
he pour into a Vessel of
mercy? If God do so much
for a Slave on Earth, what
will he do in Heaven for a
Son? Therefore, ye holy
ones, that are so offended
at the flourishing of the
wicked, Oh, leave your
envy, and see your glory!
for Heaven lyes above
ground; As the adversity
of the Saints shall there-
fore give me a glimpse of
Hell, so the prosperity of
the

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the wicked shall give me a
glance of Heaven.

LXX. Meditat.

GOd hath made all
things for his elect,
and his elect for himself:
All is yours, and you are
Christs. I will therefore
serve my God in all things,
my self in nothing.

LXXI. Meditat.

THe Creature hath a
goodness in it, no
further than it stands in re-
ference to the chiefest
good; if you cut the
stream off from the foun-
tain, it will quickly lose
its sweetness & pureness,
and it self at length; the
com-

comforts and enjoyments of the wicked, because they flow not from the spring of love, they are but like dainty Channels mudded and imbittered with the wrath of God, fading Brooks which at length will make the soul ashamed; so that he which only enjoys the creature in it self, shall lose the creature and himself. The purest and the sweetest mercies only run in the rivulets which are fed by the upper celestial springs of mercy; Therefore, O Lord! Whatsoever I enjoy, let it stream from the fountain of thy love, and flow to me in the blood of thy Son.

LXXII. *Meditat.*

AS the Rivers which flow from the Sea, run back again into the Sea: So those blessings which come from God, must alwayes be employed for God. What I have received from God in his mercy, he must have it back again in his glory: Therefore, Lord! Whatever I enjoy, let me find thee in it, and serve thee with it.

LXXIII. *Meditat.*

Love should alwayes be the life of motion:
Amor meus pondus meum,
eo terror quocunque terror;
 That

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That soul goes true that
hath true love to way it,
and that soul loves truly
that hath a true object to
center it; a gracious spirit
loves the Lord, not be-
cause he does good, but
because he is good; I will
not weigh that friends af-
fection, that loves a fluent
sweetness, before an in-
herent goodness; that soul
that loves Christ for him-
self, though you take a-
way all weights else, yet
there is strength enough
in love to move and con-
strain the soul. O blessed
be that Saint, Lord! that's
so taken with thy love,
that can truly say, Were
there neither Heaven nor
Hell,

Hell, yet sin should be my
 Hell, and holiness my Hea-
 ven.

LXXIV. *Meditat.*

TO speak the truth,
 our Life, what is it,
 but a vital death? The
 Poet being asked, What
 he did? Answered very
 well, *Paulatim morior*, I
 dye by little and little:
 We do but then begin to
 live indeed, when we be-
 gin to live to God; our
 life before is but a race to
 the sepulcher; but when
 we live to God, then we
 are in our way to eternity.
 As *Alexander*, when he
 reckoned up his age, coun-
 ted not his years, but his
 victories;

my victories ; so when I take
an account of my life, I
will not reckon up my
time, but my duties.

LXXV. Meditat.

O Thou precious Saint,
thou gracious Soul !
Three questions calls for
thy answer, thy answer for
thy praise : 1. What wast
thou ? 2. What art thou ?
3. What shalt thou be ?
1. What wast thou ? A
Rebel to thy God, a Pro-
digal to thy Father, a Slave
to thy Lust, an Alien from
the Common-wealth of *Is-
rael*. 2. What art thou ?
The Son of God, the
Spouse of Christ, the
Temple of the Holy
Ghost,

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Ghost, begotten of the
 Immortal Seed, born of
 the Blood Royal of Hea-
 ven, made free among the
 Denizens of *Sion*, written
 among the living of *Jeru-*
salem. 3. What shalt thou
 be? A glorious Saint, a
 Companion of Cherubins,
 a triumphant Victor, a
 crowned King, and an At-
 tendant on the Lamb
 wheresoever he goeth, a
 spectator of those soul-ra-
 vishing and ineffable ex-
 cellencies that are in God,
 the beholding of the King
 of glory face to face, and
 enjoying immediate com-
 munion with Jesus Christ;
 Nay more, made one with
 Jesus Christ, cloathed with
 his

his excellencies, enthroned with his glories, crowned with his eternity, filled with his felicity: The glory which thou hast given me, I have given them. Oh! Stand amazed at free grace; and seeing God hath made thy soul a vessel filled with his mercy, make thy self, thy life, a spring flowing with his praise.

LXXVI. *Meditat.*

THe Soul takes its rise from every creature to Heaven: When I see the Stars, Lord, I think, if one Star be of such magnitude, what are the dimensions of those Heavens

in which so many are fixed? Nay, how immensible is that God, whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain? When I see the Sun, I think, if one Sun make such a glorious and lustrous day, what a glorious Heaven will that be, wherein every Saint shall be a Sun, and every Sun so farr brighter than this, as this is brighter than our bodies? And yet all these Suns are but a shadow to the Sun of righteousness. Again, when I consider the rising Sun, how by the perfection of his beams, he puts beauty, life and joy upon the face of the whole Creation, paints

paints the Flowers, guilds
the Corn, puts a flourish
upon the Plants, cheers
and exhilarates the Birds,
and makes the Valleys
shout for joy; I then think,
what shall be the shining
beauty, and soul ravishing
delights of that soul, upon
which the brightness of
thy glory shall fully rise
and rest, and into which
the glorious splendour of
thy beauty shall clearly
shine to all eternity? And
when I consider the Air,
this is my thought, That as
here I cannot think at all,
unless I draw in this Air;
so I cannot think well at
all, except thou puts good-
ness into my thought:

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Lord ! When I view the variety of thy Creatures, and see one excell in beauty, another in strength, another in wisdom, another in love, and of others in swiftness ; Lord, I think these are but beams of thy brightness, and streams of thy fulness ; as they had only their being from thy hand, so they have only their perfection in thy essence ; here they are mixt, but there they are pure ; how happy then shall that soul be, that enjoys all perfection in God , and God infinitely above all ? Lord ! I see stately buildings, shady groves, and crystal brooks and pleasant

fant meadows, and yet perhaps a wicked man the owner; why then I think, if *Simeon* goes away with such a mess, what will *Benjamin's* portion be? If the Children of the Concubines have so large a gift, what shall be the inheritance of a Son of Promise? Again, when I look upon my self, in temporals, Lord, I bless thee, that I have a convenient sufficiency, a goodly heritage, my tents are by the wells of *Elim*, my portion is from the hands of thy wisdom; and though corruption may think it of the least, yet wisdom it self knows it to be best:

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Now Lord, if thou givest me so much in the time of my vanity, what wilt thou do for me in the day of my glory? But above all, that sweet communion I enjoy with God, those glorious rayes which shine from the face of Christ, those ravishing joyes that flow from the wells of Salvation, sets me upon the top of *Nebo*, and gives me the largest view of my happiness. For if the Lord give me so choice a mercy for my earnest, how rich a blessing shall I have for mine inheritance? If this be the first fruits, what shall be the full harvest? If the Lord let me have
such

such a glorious beam in my Prison, what a glorious Sun shall shine in my Palace? If there be such a joy in the expectation of what I shall be, what a happiness shall there be in the consummation of what I shall be?

LXXVII. *Meditat.*

A *Naxagoras* being asked, What he thought he was born for? Answered, *Ut Cælum contemplar*, That I may meditate upon Heaven: Oh my Soul! what dost thou think thou wast re-born for? Is it not that thou mayest live in Heaven? God hath made thee to

H 4 enjoy

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enjoy communion with himself, thou needest not stay one hour on Earth, but with *Enoch* spend thy dayes with God, walk and converse with Jesus Christ in the galleries of his love, with *Moses* live on the mount of glory. Why then, my dear Soul! art thou one hour out of Heaven? Oh live so strictly, and walk so closely with God, that thou mayest say with *David*, *Whether I awake in the morning, or whether I walk abroad in the day, I am ever with thee.*

LXXVIII. *Meditat.*

Lord! How near wilt thou bring me to thy self?

self? Must I abide in thee,
and thou in me? Must we
be of one soul, and of one
spirit? Is it not enough,
that I must alwayes repose
my self in the bosome of
thy sweetest affections,
that I should alwayes be
enclosed in the embraces
of thy choicest love, that I
should be ever wrapt up in
the bowels of thy tender-
est mercies? But must I so
dwell with thee, and
wilt thou so dwell in me,
as to be made an equal
sharer in thy blifs, a part-
ner in thy glory? What is
man, that thou shouldest
so regard him? What am
I, that thou shouldest so
remember me? Lord, let

H 5.

thy

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thy mercies so constrain
me, that all my affecti-
ons may run out unto thee,
and all my strength may
run out for thee.

LXXIX. *Meditat.*

EVERY real Christian is
the spiritual Temple
of the living God: World-
ly cares, and earthly de-
sires, are the buyers and
the sellers that pollute this
Temple: Now what an
unworthy part is this, to
make the House of God a
Den of Thieves? what
an Idolatrous sin is this, to
set up *Dagon* by the Ark,
a Lust by Christ? Again,
Every Member is a Vessel
of that Temple: Now,
what

what a debasing thing is this, to take these golden Vessels, with that drunken King, and employ them to a sordid use? To take that Heart, which should be filled with God, and fill it with Lust? Those Ears, which should be alwayes ready to hear what God shall speak, to lay them open to a detracting tale, a foolish jest? That Tongue, that should be setting out the praises, and must hereafter be singing forth that sweet triumphant Hallelujah, for to defile it now with idle speeches, lying words? What a sacrilegious thing is this, to let forth Gods vessels

vessels to sin, and Gods
roomes to lust? O Lord,
therefore, what thou takest
to be thy own, owne, rule,
and use it as thy own.

LXXX. Meditat.

MY Duties are then up-
right with God,
when they turn me into
the very nature of them-
selves. It was *St. Jerome's*
praise of *Nepolitan*, That
by his continual reading,
and daily meditation, he
made his breast the very li-
brary of Christ. This is
the praise of a Christian,
when he shall see here, that
the word abideth in him,
it is as it were incorpora-
ted into him; when he
shall

shall so read, as that he shall make himself a living Epistle, so that the world may read again in his life, what he hath read before in the Word; when he shall so bless God, as to make himself his praise; when he shall so pray, as that every petition shall, as so many living veins, run through his practice; when his duties shall be the fire, and his life the incense, this is the only sweet acceptable sacrifice; till worship is distill'd into practice, it is but an empty cloud; till duties are as vitals in our walkings, they are but dead performances: Lord, therefore,

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fore, let my duties receive life from thy Spirit, and let my walkings receive life from those duties.

LXXXI. *Meditat.*

I Read of *Basil*, that he perswaded himself, if he were in the Wilderness, free from the company of men, he should be happy and serve God more devoutly; but when he came there, he said, I have forsaken all things, but yet I retain my old heart. I have often sought the privatest place for duty, and have often prest to hear the best men, and to enjoy the best means, thinking
to

to have gained much ground in the advantages of the Place, and of the Ordinance; and yet, Lord, I have got but little good, because I still carry with me a bad heart; this is the that *Remora* that stayes my Ship in its course to Heaven. So that I find, it is not he (with *St. Basil*) that treads the paths of retiredness, that grows in grace, but he that (with that Father) walks first into the cloysters of his own heart, in the secret places and crooked turning of his own spirit; it is not he that comes to the pure Ordinances, that advances his Communion with

with God, but it is he that brings a pure heart. Lord ! I have often searched my heart, and still my heart deceiveth me in the search; Oh ! come and fit my heart for every duty, that every duty may fit for thy self.

LXXXII. *Meditat.*

PRinces combate with flesh and blood, Christians wrestle with Principalities and Powers; their warrs give dayes of truce, ours not a minute of Cessation ; Conditions of peace there may cause retreat, nothing but death here can raise the siege : Kings, if overcome, may save themselves

selves by flight; but Christians may as soon flye from themselves, as from their enemies; whatsoever may make a battel dangerous, here it is, whether policy, potency, cruelty, or perpetuity: Not only the powers of Earth, but all the forces and stratagems of Hell, are alwayes charged upon thy soul; so that a Christian is not in a Garrison of rest, but in a Field of conflict, and he cannot let fall his hands, but *Amalek* prevails: Not to be a conquerour, is to be a prisoner; not to winn the field, is to lose the soul; security wounds thee, yielding kills thee, nothing

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nothing but victory crowns thee ; therefore watch as for thy life, fight as for thy soul ; the time will come, these enemies thou seelt to day , thou shalt see them no more for ever ; when thou shalt lay down thy Sword, and take up thy Palm, and solemnize thy victory in glory to perpetuity. A certain man rehearsing a sad Oration to *Aristotle*, in Praise of those that were slain in the Wars by the *Lacedemonians* , received this answer from him, *Quales igitur nostros esse putas qui istos vicerunt?* If those were such brave and valiant men, what dost thou

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thou think that we are, that overcame those ? What though now we read a sad relation of the potency and policy of our enemies, and find the heavy experience of it; yet how glorious and victorious dost thou think we shall one day be, when in the strength of Christ, we shall have overcome those enemies ? What though my assaults be many, my enemies mighty ; if God strengthen me , I have enough to comfort me : for the greater my enemy, the more glorious my victory ; and the more glorious my victory, the more triumphant my glory.

LXXXIII. *Medi-*

LXXXIII. *Meditat.*

I Have seen some Christians, that for ordinary losses have been inordinate in their mourning, as if not only the Stream, but the Fountain had been exhausted; whereas; if the understanding part of the soul did truly act it self, it would reason thus: What, must the stream of my sorrow run altogether in this channel? Is there no mourning to be made for sin? What, shall I suffer my heart to swim away in tears? Are there no duties to be performed for God? And do I not know that a sad heart cannot serve

serve a good God? I have
lost the Creature, but I
must keep my God; I have
parted with an outward
comfort, but I shall meet
it again with advantage in
Jesus Christ: I have lost
something, were it more,
were it all, so that I were
not the owner of any
thing, yet enjoying Christ
I should be the possessor
of all things: The failing
Stream shall but therefore
send me to the flowing
Fountain. Thus did the
soul put forth it self, it
would quickly sweeten
those bitter waters, and
presently turn those tears
into duties: For my part,
I will mourn for the loss
of

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of the Creature, but it shall be in the Cause, which is Sin; so shall my sorrow be godly, and not worldly; and I will never be satisfied, till I make good the absence of the Creature, but it shall be in the Fountain, which is Christ; so shall it be a gain, and not a loss.

LXXXIV. *Meditat.*

TIs observed as a point of wisdom in Husbandry, to set those Plants together, that have an Antipathy in their natures, and draw severall juyces out of the Earth; therefore it is thought, a Rose set by Garlick is sweeter,

sweeter, because the more fetid juyce of the Earth goes into the Garlick, and the more odorate into the Rose: I am sure 'tis true in spirituals; therefore I wonder not, why afflictions are the portion of the righteous, for I see prosperity is too strong a sucker to exhaust and steal the spiritual sap and celestial vigour of the Soul, and so to debilitate the principles of growth and life: Whereas adversity hath a contrary extraction, it only draws out what may be malignant, and leaves behind it what may be for nourishment; it takes the dregs, and leaves the

the spirits, whereby the soul is elevated, and made more fruitful in the works of holiness. Therefore Lord, so I may but grow, if the Flowers of the World be too succulent, transplant me among the Bryars.

LXXXV. *Meditat.*

WHEN I look up to Heaven, how oft do I both see the Sun shine and set? When I look down into my soul, how oft do I see my comfort rise and fall? Eye but that Ship which now seems to touch the clouds, and you shall see it in the depth anon, as if it would be swallowed

lowed by the waves. One while a Christian is upon mount *Tabor*, and hath a glance of Heaven ; another while lyes in the valley of *Bochim*, weeping because he hath lost the sight of his Country. *Joshuah's* long day is many times turn'd into *Paul's* sad night. God would quicken our affections, therefore now and then he gives us a glance of Heaven, that so we might be in love with what we see ; and now and then he draws a black veil over that bright vision, that so we might not loath what we did love : He suffers our happiness here to be

I im-

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imperfect, that so we may be pressing on to that place where we shall be perfectly happy. Lord ! when thou shewest thy self, let me love thee ; and when thou withdrawest thy self, let me follow thee ; and under all these changes here, let my soul be always breathing, panting, longing, and reaching after thee, till I shall so perfectly enjoy thee, that I may never lose thee.

LXXXVI. *Meditat.*

Where the King is,
there is the Court;
and where the presence of
God is, there is Heaven :
Art thou in Prison with St.

Paul

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ay Paul and Silas? If God
ace be with thee, thou wilt
ct. sing thy Hallelujahs: Art
en thou at the Stake with
let blessed Martyrs? As the
en beams of the Sun puts out
elf, the fire, so the beams of
nd Gods Countenance puts
ges out the flames, and turns
ays their troubles into com-
g-forts; so that 'tis but
ter winking, and thou art in
ct. Heaven. Therefore that
ay soul that enjoyes the
Lord, though it may want
the Sun or Moon to
shine in Creatures com-
is, forts, worldly delights to
rt; solace it, yet it needs them
of not, for the glory of God
n: doth enlighten it, and the
St. Lamb is the light thereof;

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God himself irradiates it with the brightness of his beauty, and Christ himself fills it with joy unspeakable and full of glory. This God brings his Heaven with him; and that man that enjoys God, carries Heaven about him; so that here is his happiness, cast him in a Dungeon, in a Furnace, when you please, yet he is still in Heaven. Therefore, for my part, Lord, give me thy self, and then deal how thou pleasest with me.

LXXXVII. *Meditat.*

Mark the wicked man, though his
Intrat

Intrat may be Comical, his *Exit* is alwayes Tragical. *Belsazzar* in his first Scene is revelling out his time in sin and pleasure, feasting & carousing with his Concubines in the vessels of the Lord; but view him in the Catastrophe, and you shall find the hand writing and him trembling; *Darius* rending away his Kingdom, and Death snatching away his Life. If you look upon the entrance of a wicked man, his gates are riches, his seats honours, his paths pleasures; he goes delicately, fares deliciously every day, he hath more than hart can with:

But wait his going out, and see a sad conclusion, in a moment he goes down to Hell : The man is cast out from God, as an everlasting curse : Destruction closes her mouth upon him, and his place beholds him no more : His body is wrapt in the dust, his soul is buried in the flames, and his name is covered with darkness. But now, behold the perfect man, it may be thou mayest see a few tragical Scenes, the World hating, mocking, persecuting him ; but the end of that man, is peace. Though he may come forth weeping, yet he goes off rejoicing : Though he
come

come forth combating, yet he goes out triumphing; so that the Saints and Angels clap their hands for joy. When I therefore judge of a happy man, I'll wait his end, I care not for his entrance.

LXXXVIII. *Meditat.*

EArthly riches, were they true riches, yet they are not ours; or were they ours, yet they were not true, because they are unuseful to the soul; Nay, for the most part, our golden heaps are but the miserable spoils of precious souls: *Dives aut malus est aut heres mali.* And then, they are not ours,
I 4 because

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because we cannot carry them with us, when we leave the World. *Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be taken from thee, &c.* And then thou shalt quickly know whose thy soul shall be, which thou hast by these things so sinfully abused; but thou shalt never know whose these things shall be, which thou hast so miserably provided: When we awake at the last day, we shall find nothing of all those things in our hands. Those things that are of the World (saith St. *Ambrose*) we shall leave them behind us in the World, only vertue is the companion of the dead;

dead; these things shall fail us, but our good works shall follow us, and abide with us for ever. Would'it thou be truly rich? Be not only in getting of goods, but in doing of good; raise vertue out of vanity, so shalt thou lay up goods indeed for eternity.

LXXXIX. *Meditat.*

I Have not farr to my home, therefore I need not make much provision for my way, food and rayment will be sufficient for my journey, superfluity will but prove a burden. While *Jacob* had only his staffe, he went on freely in his way; but when he

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had his flocks and herds,
he drives but slowly. We
see it daily that rich men
either lose their paths, or
find but little ground;
while poor men run the
wayes of Gods Command-
ments. I am well enough,
if I have but enough to
carry me well to Heaven ;
I will therefore desire no
more, than what will mend
my pace, and serve me in
my journey.

XC. Meditat.

WE must not pre-
sume upon the
means without God, nor
upon God without the
means : Not upon the
means without God, be-
cause

cause the Pipe cannot convey, except the Spring communicate; not upon God without the meanes, because the goings forth of providence are always in the paths of diligence: Therefore, in the assault of *Amalek*, whilst *Moses* goes to prayer, *Joshua* must goe and fight; so in the proceedings of Christians, Faith should alwayes be upon the mount, and Industry in the valley: While the heart is lifted up, the hand should be stretched out; He only may rest in God, that hath been restless in the means: He that can fully lay out himself in Gods way, may
con-

confidently lay up his faith in Gods providence : I must sow my seed, and wait upon the clouds ; do my work, and leave the event to God : I must neither be idle in the means, nor make an Idol of the means. I will therefore henceforth lay my hands to the means, as if they were all in all; and yet raise my eye above the means, as if they were nothing at all.

XCI. *Meditat.*

C*icero* spake at random,
when he said,
Ad decus & libertatem na-
ti sumus, We are born to
liberty and honour. It is
thou,

thou, O regenerate Soul !
that art born a Child of
Love, and Heir of Glory :
Thou art he, O excellent
Saint ! that art cloathed
with the Sun, and crown-
ed with the Stars, and
reckoned among the An-
gels of God : O think up-
on thy dignity, and confi-
der, Will an Emperour
live like a Beggar ? Is it a
becoming thing for those
that are cloathed in Scarlet
to embrace a Dunghill ?
Am I born of God, and
shall I live like a man ?
Hath God raised my Spi-
rits with the highest excel-
lencies, and shall I stain my
Nobleness with poor
empty vanities ? May I
feed

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feed upon a Christ, and shall I feed upon Dust? Shall I sit to judge the World, and shall I be a Drudge to the World? Hath Christ prepared for me a Mansion in the Heavens, and shall I be groveling in the Earth? Am I a Child of light, and shall I commit the works of darkness? No, (as *Seneca* says) I am born to great and higher things, than to be a slave unto Lust, or a drudge unto the World.

XCII. *Meditat.*

Pure Love runs clearly out of it self into the bosome of the object that's beloved; heavenly Love centres

centres no lower than Heaven it self; it is only God it loves, and it is only in God it lives; if it loves a beam, it is only as it stands in reference to the Sun; if it loves the creature, it is only as it's a step to advance it nearer God. Lord! I would not care for Heaven, were it not for thee; neither would I love my self, were I not in thee.

CXIII. Meditation.

HHeaven is the very Element, and Christ is the Center of every gracious soul; Heaven only is the breathing place, and Christ only is the resting-

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ing-place; there's the place of its respiration, and here's the seat of its repose; it cannot live out of that Element, and it cannot rest out of this Center: it is alwayes struggling till it gets to Heaven, always rolling till it comes to Chirst: *Return unto thy rest, O my Soul!* saith *David*. Lord! let me draw no breath but that which I fetch from Heaven; and never let me rest, till I rest in thee.

XCIV. *Meditat.*

I See Man is not only contented with a being, but is still aspiring to an eminency in that being;

ing ; as Plants are continually growing up, till they come to that maturity, which makes them perfect : So Man, he is alwayes pressing forward, till he comes to his proposed end, he thinks will make him happy. O my Soul ! God is the end and excellency, and thy happiness lyes in moving forward, till thou come to thy perfection. Be thou alwayes rising, untill thou comest to rest in the bosome of the Lord.

XCV. Meditat.

THe closer association
that we have here
with Christ, the nearer assimilation

similation we shall have to Christ: *Moses* did but talk with God, and how did his face shine with a beam of God? You may quickly know a soul that doth converse and is familiar with Jesus Christ, you shall see it shining forth with the glories of Christ; as Wisdome makes the face to shine, so Jesus Christ he makes the soul to shine; so that he that judiciously looks upon him, can divine that soul hath met with, and seen the Lord. I see by the strong reflects of the beams of righteousness, that he hath been long in viewing of the Sun of righteousness; he carries

ries the very Image of Christ upon him, and the very beauties of Christ about him; he looks like Christ, speaks like Christ, walkes like Christ, he lives like Christ, he is just like Christ, and knows he comes from Christ. That soul that is always beholding the glory of the Lord, shall be changed into the same Image from glory to glory. If that soul be so glorious that beholds God darkly, reflectively as in a glass, and enjoyes God at a distance; how glorious shall that soul be, that shall see him clearly and directly face to face, and enjoy his immediate communion

munion with Jesus Christ?
We shall then be like him
indeed, when we shall see
him as he is ; our bodies
shall be like his, our souls
shall be like his, our glory
shall be like his, our eter-
nity shall be like his, who
is the God of beauty, ex-
cellency and sweetness,
concord, happiness and
eternity. Oh Lord! let
me have such clear visions,
such sweet fruitions of
thee, that I may not only
hereafter be happy as thou
art happy, but may like-
wise now be holy as thou
art holy.

XCVI. Meditat.

THe life of Faith is the noblest, richest, contentedst, easiest, truest life of all : It is the noblest life, for it takes the Soul out of the house of *Adam*, and carries it into the houshold of God; it makes the Soul forget her Fathers house, and espouseth it to the King of Glory : And then it is the pleasan-test life, it lives upon the choicest excellency, and highest felicity, often wrapt up in the third Heaven, to take its repast in inexpressible glory ; it walks in the paths of pleasantness, and under all the
heats

heats of troubles and afflictions, it shades it self under the Arbour of Paradise : And then it is the richest life, if our desires be according to our wants, it is impossible we should want above what we desire. *Tantum quisque habet quantum credit*, Every man hath (saith a Father) according to his faith, *And be it unto thee according to thy faith*, saith Christ : And then it is the contentedst life, it carries the fading creature, and layes him upon Christ; and under all mutabilty, still holds fast all-sufficiency; and so sits down contentedly: Then is it the easiest

est life ; Faith looks not on the strictness or difficulty of duty, but on the power and strength of Christ ; therefore if it meet with a hard precept, it dissolves it into a sweet promise ; it carries it to a loving Christ, pleads it out till he hath drawn out a proportionable strength to facilitate and make easie the duty. In fine, it is the truest and the onlyest life, for he is dead in sin, that doth not live by faith ; therefore , as one said, *Non vivere , sed valere, vita est* : Not to live, but to be well, is life ; So may I say, Not to live well only, but to believe, is

to live, and to live well indeed.

XCVII. Meditat.

IF God be the highest perfection in himself, and the highest good to the creature, then it is the highest wisdom of the creature, to choose him, and the highest piece of his duty to live in observance of him ; If all creatures must certainly appear before this great Majesty, and bow unto him , I admire the wisdom of the godly, and wonder at the folly of the wicked. And seeing this certainly, and of necessity must be, Lord! let me be of the number
of

n- of those that choose thee
here, so as for ever here-
after I may enjoy thee ;
and not as the number of
est those that refuse thee here,
elf, and must for ever hereaf-
to ter, be separated from thee.
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of

XCVIII. *Meditat.*

GRaces are the very
Courtiers of Hea-
ven, those wait upon
Christ in his privy Cham-
ber ; Honour , Riches,
Credit , and the like, may
do much below, you may
keep out your betters
here ; but in the Pallace of
the King of Glory, you
must stand by for ever : It
is only Faith, Love, Hu-
mility,

mility, and the like, that shall have admittance into the Presence Chamber ; moral vertues you must likewise walk without. All that goe bravely , are not qualified for such a Presence ; you are but *Splendida peccata* , beautifull Abominations, base Hearts wrapped up in brave cloaths, Parts and Gifts ; you may stay and wait at the gates, but I can tell you there is a special Command gone forth, that none but Grace, and Holiness shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven ; therefore you may receive your answer, if you please, only these are welcome to the

at the King of Glory, only
ro these are familiar and con-
; versant with Jesus Christ.
st Therefore, as the Queen
it. of *Sheba* said of the ser-
re vants of *Solomon*, so may I
a say of the Graces of Gods
ut Spirit, which are only the
ti- retainers of Jesus Christ.
se Oh! happy are these thy
in men, and happy are these
nd thy servants, O God,
id which stand continually
an before thee, and hear thy
ial Wisdome, and see thy
at Glory. True love doth
li- not only preserve every
he heavenly motion of the
n; Soul, but raiseth the Soul
ve it self to the highest per-
se, fection. The more I love,
to the more I shall be be-
he
K 2 loved,

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loved, and the fuller participation shall I have of him, who is altogether lovely. St. Bernard speaks fully to it, *Summum bonum amare, est summa beatitudo*: To love the chiefest good, is the greatest happiness. The purest and the fullest love, shall always wear the weightiest Crown of glory. Lord! perfect this Grace in me, that so I may be perfect in loving thee.

XCIX. *Meditat.*

THE *Israelites* must first pass over *Jordan*, before they can land in *Canaan*; but no sooner did the feet of the *Priests* that

that bare the Ark of the Covenant, rest in the water, but the proud waves saw it and fled, and the swelling streams were driven back, and laid in heaps, to make them pass over safe and well: So every child of God is like an *Israelite* in the Wilderness of this World, travelling to the Land of Promise; Death is that *Jordan* that runs between this wilderness and our *Canaan*, it is that swelling stream that over-flows the banks of every mortal creature, it is that last River which must be passed over: But this is the happiness of a Child of God, That Jesus

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Christ our High Priest,
that bears the everlasting
Covenant on his shoul-
ders, hath already dipt his
feet in the brims of this
water, insomuch that the
streams of bitterness are
diverted, the sting of
death pluck'd out, the wa-
ter of the salt Sea is dried
up, and the power of the
curse cut off, so that death
is but a sure step unto glo-
ry. Why then am I afraid
to dye, the channel is dry,
and I see the footsteps of
my Saviour in the bot-
tom, and Heaven and Hap-
piness on the other side,
so that the waters shall
not go over my Soul,
they may goe over my
fins,

sins, they may goe over my miseries, they may goe over my troubles, but my Soul shall goe over to its rest. Lord! therefore fit and sanctifie me for my removal, and then take down my Tent, I cannot be too soon with thee.

C. Meditat.

Here the Vessel is too capacious to be filled with all the pleasures and delights the world can lay together, but hereafter our pleasures and delights shall be too full for the most capacious Vessel to comprehend; our Glory shall be so great, that power as well as goodness

shall come forth from God himself, for to renew and enlarge these Vessels, that so they may be capable to receive and retain that glory, strength and love, shall goe forth together for to prepare and raise our dispositions, that they may be suitable for such a transcendent and high condition ; We are too weak for such a weight of glory, therefore God will bear us up, that we may bear up it ; and because our joyes cannot fully enter into us, we shall fully enter into them. Who would then set so large a Vessel as the Soul under a few drops of carnal pleasure,

sure , and neglect the
spring and spouts of ever-
lasting joy ? Oh my soul !
What a glorious day is
there coming ? When the
Vessels of mercy shall be
cast into the Ocean of
mercy, and be filled to the
brim with mercy ! When
the Sons of pleasure shall
drink their fills at the tor-
rents of pleasures, and be
set for ever at rest in the
rivers of pleasure ! When
the soul that is sick of love
shall lye in the bosome of
love, and for ever take its
fill of love ! When the
Children of God shall
have a full fruition of
God, and be for ever sa-
tisfied with the presence of

202 *Divine Breathings.*

God; the joy of which glorious presence, the fulness of which joy, the sweetness, of which fulness, the eternity of which sweetness, the heart of man in its largest thoughts cannot conceive. Lord! Let the thoughts of the joy and glory which thou hast prepared for me in the Heavens, turn away my Soul from the pleasures and delights which are presented to me on Earth, that so neglecting them, I may be pressing to thee, and be breathing forth, with thine, Oh! When shall I come and appear before God!

POST-



POSTSCRIPT,

By A
READER.

AND now, being
Refreshed with
 these *fragrant*
leaves, what shall
 I say? *Blessed Author*,
 Art thou yet *alive*? Breath
 longer in this fruitful Air,
 and extract more out of so
 Rich a Stock. A Scribe so
 well Instructed, cannot
 have spent all, but must
 have new or old to bring
 out of his Treasure. Do
 not

not *hide*, but Improve thy *Talent*. Be not only a good and *wise*, but *faithful* Steward; and yield us more of thy pleasant Fruits. Thou hast begun well, who, what should hinder thee? Thy *present* (were there no succeeding) *Reward*, is spurr enough to future *Work*: *Religion* is *Recreation*; and *Heaven* is the *way* to *Heaven*; Good men are *there* on this side the *grave*; Thy *Longing Soul* was still peeping into it, and sending thy *Thoughts* as *Spies* to view this *promised Land*. But art thou at *Rest* from thy *Labours*, *this* (among others) thy *work* follows thee;

thee; and hath here Erected thy *Lasting Monument*. Where ever thou wert *Buried*, *Obscurity* shall not swallow thee : Every good Heart, that *knew thee*, is thy *Tomb* ; and every *Tongue* writes thee an *Epitaph*; Good men speak *well* of thee: But above all, *God* delights in thee. Thy *Thoughts* were still fluttering upwards, Richly fraught with *Divine Breathings*, and ever *Aspiring*, till unladen themselves in the *Bosome* of thy *Beloved* : We are hugely *Thankful*, that a few *dropt* from thee, for the *Comfort* and *Example* of *fainting sluggish* Mortals below.

below. Thou liv'd *Indeed*,
while most live onely in
Shew; and hast *changed*
thy *Place*, but not thy
Company. Blush, and be
ashamed, my *Drowsie*
Soul, at *Sight* or *Thoughts*
of such *Active* Christians:
These are *Redeeming*
Times, whil'st thou art
Mis-spending it; These are
working, and thou *loyster-*
ing; These are *Conversing*
with *God*, whil'st thou art
following or *trifling* in the
World; These are *Digging*
in *Scripture Mines*, whil'st
thou passes over *them*, as
Barren, *Empty* Things;
Backward to *Read*, slow
to *Hear*, most averse to
ruminate on the *Word*.
David

David meditated *day* and *night*, but thou scarce *day* or *night*. Shall God be to thee *hereafter* All in All, and *here* as nothing at All? Have all thy Thoughts *then*, and be afforded so few *now*? Is he thy *Portion*, and wilt thou *live* no more upon him? Thy *Treasure*, and thy *Heart* so seldom *with him*? Is there so much in God, and his *Attributes*; in *Christ*, and his *Offices*; in the *Spirit*, and his *Workings*; in the *Law*, and its *Exactness*; in the *Gospel*, and its *Sweetness*; in *Grace*, and its *Excellency*; in the *World*, and its *Vanity*; in the *Guilt* of *Sin*, in the *Beauty*

Beauty of Holiness, in the Preciousness of the Soul, in the Paucity that shall be Saved, in the Frailty of Life, in the Certainty of Death, in the Torments of Hell, in the Happiness of Heaven, in the Unalterableness of Judgement? And art thou barren in so fruitfull a Soyl? Only a Camberer of the Ground, notwithstanding all the Cost bestowed upon thee? Oh see thou be not only alive, but a lively Christian: Canst thou think of an eternal weight of Glory, and rest contented with a little work? Who ever served God for nought? Hath he not passed his word to make thee

thee *amends* for all thou
 canst *do* or *suffer* for his
 sake? What *Harm* is there
 in a *Heavenly, Life*? What
Dishonour in *Adoring* thy
Maker? What great *Dan-*
ger in being *strictly Religi-*
ous? What *Discomfort* to
 live and *dye* in the *sense* of
Gods favour? Where is thy
 best friend? What is thy
 chief *Interest*? What wilt
 thou wish upon a *dying*
bed? Who doth, or can do
 most for thee? What into
 another *World* will accom-
 pany thee? O live in the
 sense of *Dreadful, Happy*
Eternity, and of the dif-
 ference to stand with bold-
 ness before the *Judge*, when
 the careless *World* shall
 stand

stand trembling. Let Heaven be alwayes in thy eye, the World under thy feet; Christ nearest thy heart, the last Trump in thy ear; the Work, the Word of God in thy hand, and his Praises continually in thy lips. Listen, what Tellings under thee; Heark, what Acclamations over thee; Look round, what Snares are laid for thee; Behold, whose eye is upon thee, what hast Death makes towards thee, how near thy course is finishing; See, who stands holding thy sparkling Crown; how the wicked would die like thee; how the Devils for Envy grin at thee; how the Angels rejoyce

rejoyce over thee , stand round thee, and long to be carrying thee ; thy Father will be no longer without thee. Yet a little while, and God shall wipe away all Tears, turn every Holy Desire into an Embrace, every Prayer into a Song of Praise, every Sigh into an Hallelujah, every Tear into a Pearl, every Stone of Reproach into a Diamond in thy glittering Crown, Reflection into Possession, Faith into Vision, Hope into Fruition, the Glass into the Face; for we shall see him as he is, to whom be glory for ever, Amen.

FINIS.

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